JUNE 5, 1937

Liberty

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BRADDOCK'S PAST

●

A STRANGE STORY OF THE CHAMPION

WILL THE DOWERLESS BRIDE GET HETTY GREEN'S RICHES?

WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH-DIVER . . .

SOME OF HER TITLES: NATIONAL HIGH-DIVING CHAMPION (33 FT. TOWER) FOR 4 YEARS . . . U.S. NATIONAL SPRINGBOARD CHAMPION WINNER IN 3 OLYMPICS

"I put great emphasis on good digestion," says Dorothy Poynton Hill, Camel Smoker

"IT'S a long way down when I dive from the high board," Dorothy continues, "— you can see why I enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.'" Mealtimes (*right*), and between meals, too, Dorothy prefers Camel's mildness. "I've found that Camels never jangle my nerves, or upset my physical condition," she says. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels give digestion a helping hand.

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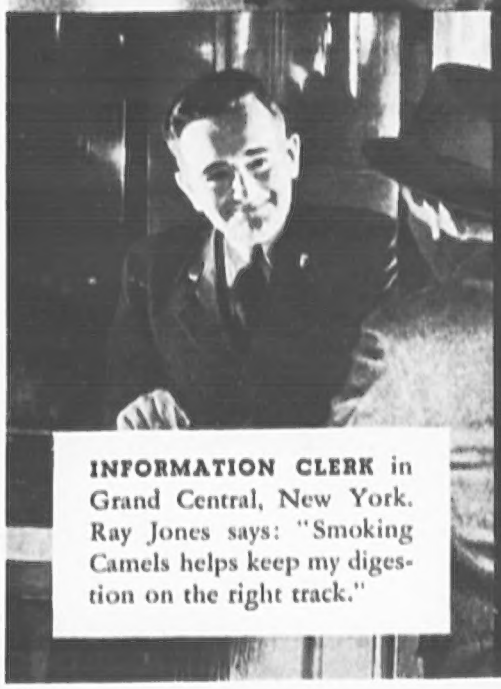
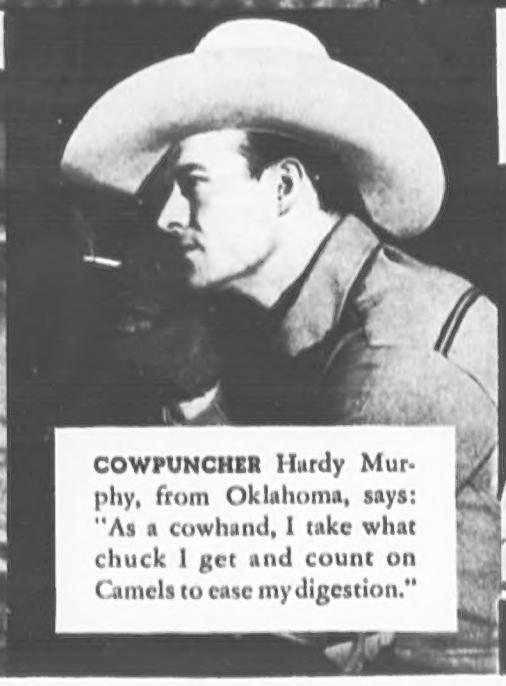


INFORMATION CLERK in Grand Central, New York. Ray Jones says: "Smoking Camels helps keep my digestion on the right track."



COWPUNCHER Hardy Murphy, from Oklahoma, says: "As a cowhand, I take what chuck I get and count on Camels to ease my digestion."

"JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE"—A gala show with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E. S. T. (9:30 pm E. D. S. T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over WABC-CBS

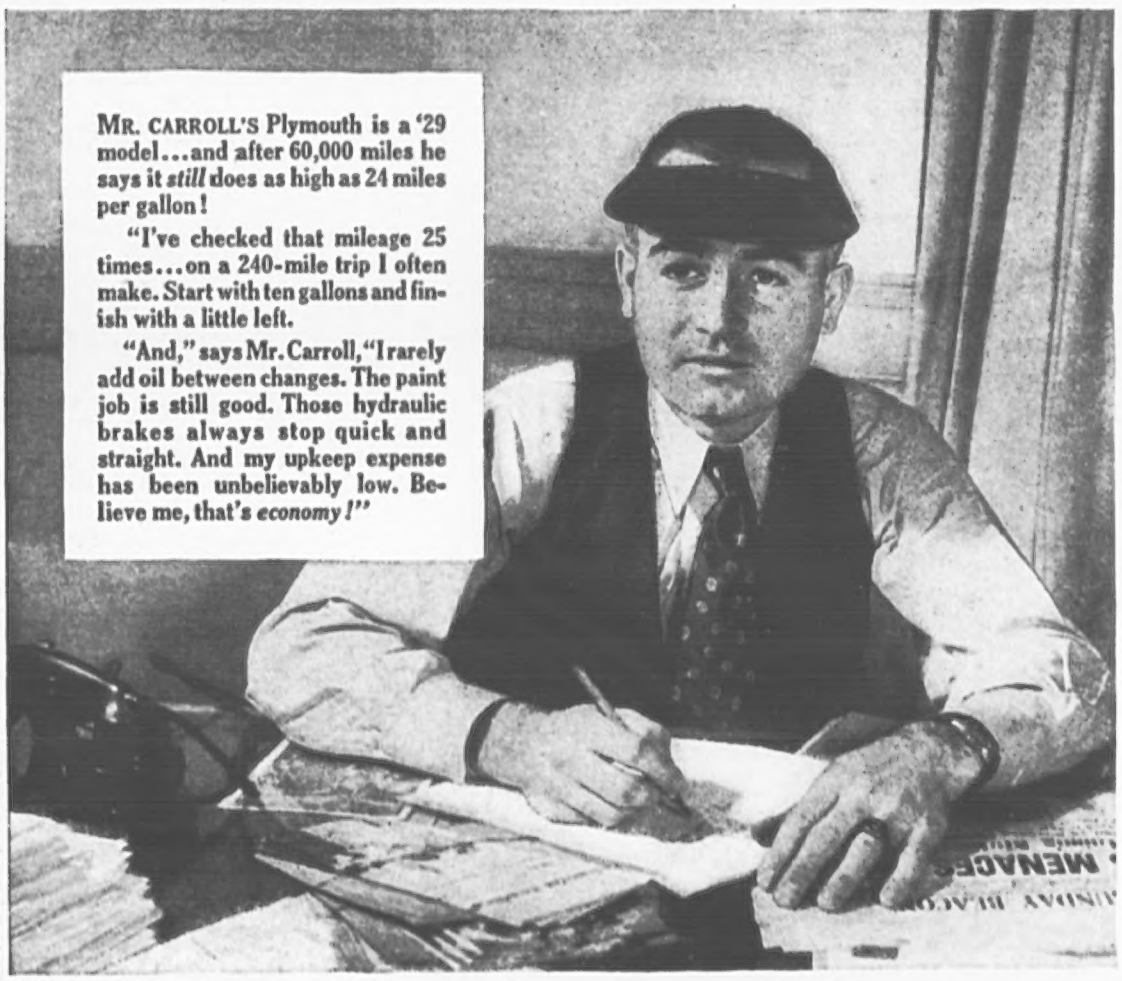
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

GETS "24 MILES PER GALLON" AFTER 60,000 MILES *IN 8 YR. OLD PLYMOUTH*

The Car that Stands Up Best— *Twenty-five times on same 240-mile trip Plymouth gave this sensational mileage... has spent "next to nothing" on upkeep work... says A. F. Carroll, of Union City, N. J.*



MR. CARROLL'S Plymouth is a '29 model... and after 60,000 miles he says it *still* does as high as 24 miles per gallon!

"I've checked that mileage 25 times... on a 240-mile trip I often make. Start with ten gallons and finish with a little left.

"And," says Mr. Carroll, "I rarely add oil between changes. The paint job is still good. Those hydraulic brakes always stop quick and straight. And my upkeep expense has been unbelievably low. Believe me, that's *economy!*"

BIG, New Plymouth is the Greatest Value of them ALL!

INTO THE BIG, new Plymouth *still more* reliability and economy features have been built... increasing Plymouth's famed ability to stand up and save money.

Between the body and frame are live rubber cushions... at each wheel, huge shock-absorbers like those on giant air liners.

Plymouth's *double-action* hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing... and its body is *all* steel, with a new safety-styled interior.

Drive this new Plymouth... test its sparkling performance, its handling ease... see how extra roomy it is, how comfortable. And remember ...it's the car that stands up best! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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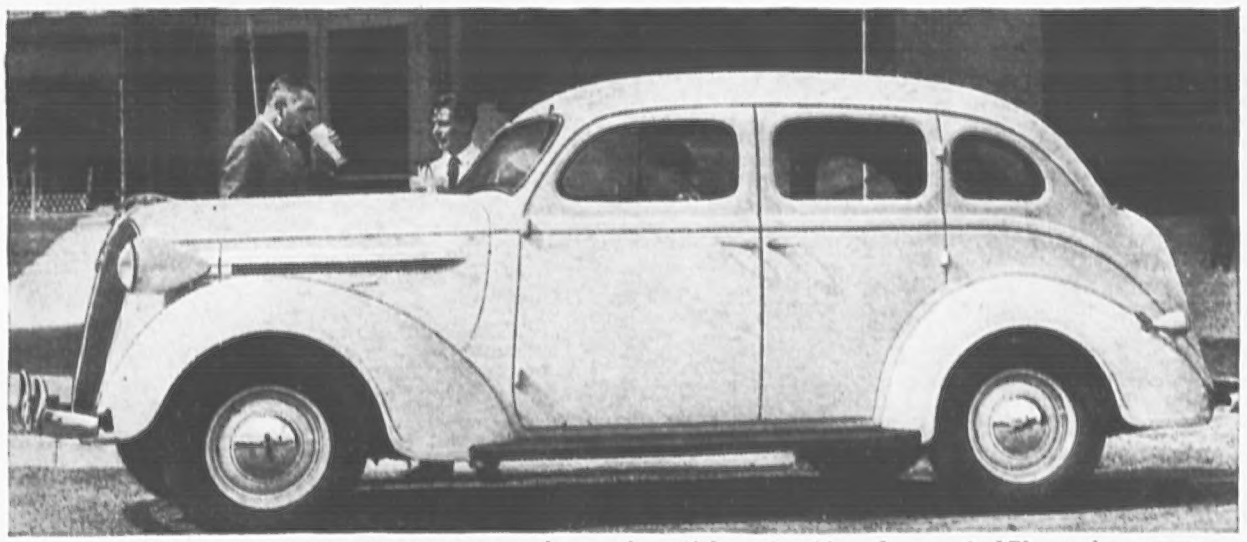
The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers —payment terms which will fit your budget... and make it exceptionally easy to purchase a new Plymouth *today!*



THE BIG, NEW DE LUXE 4-DOOR TOURING SEDAN... the most beautiful, comfortable and economical Plymouth ever built.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JUNE 5, 1937

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 23

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THIS ADMINISTRATION— *where are we going?*

ONE of my Democratic friends claims that I have nothing but criticism for the present administration. He points out what he considers to be valuable outstanding changes. It is true many much needed reforms have been made. There has never been a question of the President's sincerity in following a course which he considers will be for the benefit of the whole people.

My disagreements at times with his course have been with his business policies in governmental financial management.

There were times when I believed, if extravagances were continued on such a colossal scale, the administration could end only in catastrophe. There has been an average yearly increase in expenditure of nearly half a billion dollars.

There now appears to have been a turning point, for which the President has my strongest endorsement. Recently from the White House came sound economy preachment pointing to an end of reckless spending. We may expect, according to the signs, retrenchment in every department of the government, and there are other hopeful indications for our future.

The President has taken the national government out of the rut into which it had fallen. He has destroyed precedent and brought into the open for public discussion most of the nation's perplexing problems.

That the government should assume some responsibility to the average citizen, at least in practice, is a new idea; that every citizen is entitled to the opportunity to earn the ordinary comforts of life, that there is no danger of him starving even if he is without a job—these are unquestionably humanitarian steps.

To accomplish these things, capital has from time to time been dealt with harshly, and the employers struggling to meet their pay rolls have had to face a government attitude that has been distinctly antagonistic; but from the conflict came a gain for the rank and file of employees.

Capital itself has at times been harsh and inconsiderate, and the lesson that has been taught—the necessity of giving the workers a fair deal, realizing that they are human beings and that they should be treated with consideration—has come to us largely through the attitude of the present administration.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Although the Wagner enactment has apparently caused more strikes than we have ever had in the history of the country, it attracted general public attention to the need of more consideration for workers generally.

This law was supposed to be the means of abolishing strikes; but temporarily it has added to them, and many changes undoubtedly will have to be made in its provisions to accomplish the purpose for which it was intended.

On many occasions in past decades our leaders, political and otherwise, have predicted that as a nation we were headed for perdition and there was nothing but chaos for us in the future. But we have managed to survive and continue to grow stronger and more stable.

We are struggling through difficulties which may seem to some critics to be insurmountable at this time, but it is my belief that we will come safely through the shoals that bring disaster and find clear sailing in the not far distant future.

Some of our governmental officials have learned important lessons during the life of the present administration. They have realized that they must balance the budget; they have realized that the colossal cost of government must be reduced; that continued growth of bureaucracy must be brought to a halt. It is this realization by the administration which gives me confidence in our future.

No, we are not on the road to ruin, nor do I believe we are rushing toward dictatorship. This country would not stand for such a governmental system. After all the revolutionary theories have been boiled down through additional experience, it is my belief that we will find ourselves in calm waters.

Many major surgical operations will be necessary, and hardship and suffering may be experienced by many people who are softly ensconced in high-salaried governmental positions. The waste they caused must be curtailed. The rigid principles of a business organization must be adhered to by the government.

There is no reason for being scared; but we should be watchful. As citizens, we should do everything we can to help remedy the difficulties we now are facing.

Bernarr Macfadden

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WILL THE DOWERLESS BRIDE GET *Hetty Green's* RICHES?

By EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HOW long will eighty million dollars last when it's put in litigation? How long will litigation last when eighty million dollars is the stake?

And who will get the grand prize when the litigation ends—if there is a grand prize left?

The estate in question is that of Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green, son of Hetty Green; and the questions concerning the estate revolve around his widow and his sister, and the commonwealths of New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Florida, and Texas.

The widow, Mrs. Mabel Harlow Green, and the sister, Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks, are the principal contenders for the millions piled up by Hetty and her son.

Colonel Green left a will, but it was made before his marriage. It bequeathed everything to his sister and his mother; made no mention of a wife.

This is the will Mrs. Wilks presented for probate at Port Henry, New York, after the colonel died.

But it wasn't enough that the widow and sister should fight. The five states entered the lists, each claiming that Green had established legal residence within its borders, each demanding part of the estate in taxes.

Lawyers to right of them, lawyers to left of them, lawyers in front of them—all the world wondered—the two women are determined to fight on to the last dollar.

Hetty Green worked and scrimped and did without to amass a fortune. She was the richest woman in America when she died, perhaps the richest in the world. The richest and the stingiest.

Hetty wouldn't buy a newspaper if she could avoid it. She usually picked up a paper discarded on a subway or "L" train—by some underpaid clerk or workman—read the financial page, and then gave the paper to Eddie, that he might peddle it on the street.

She dressed like a hobo. When she tipped—and it hurt her to tip—she never

Hetty Green was richest of women — also stingiest.

Mrs. Mabel Green, Hetty's dowerless daughter-in-law.

An astonishing true story of 80 million dollars and what is happening to them

gave more than a nickel. She ate sparingly. She walked miles to save carfare. Her greatest fear was that some one would get her money away from her. She always suspected that the man or woman with whom she did business was a sharper or a thief.

When she died she left a hundred million dollars or more. Her will divided this into two equal parts, one for her daughter, and one for her son. There were a few other bequests; but nothing was given to charity.

Hetty never intended that her money should go to strangers. She didn't want it to go to any "in-laws" either. She let her daughter Sylvia marry Matthew Astor Wilks. But not until Wilks had signed an agreement forfeiting all claims on any money that might come into his wife's possession. Hetty was so impressed with Matthew's "sacrifice" that she gave him the magnificent sum of $5,000.

Hetty hadn't wanted Sylvia to marry. She felt that all Sylvia's young men were fortune hunters. It was only the intervention of her one close woman friend, Countess Leary, that induced Hetty to consent to the marriage. Wilks, the countess pointed out, had a fair-sized fortune himself; he was several years older than Sylvia. And then he was an Astor.

But it was different with Eddie. Hetty threatened many times to disinherit her son if he married. Her wishes were Eddie's law. He lived his mother's life of penury in plenty. When he was a boy he injured his knee rather badly coasting down a frozen hill. His mother didn't want to spend money on doctoring. She rubbed the wound with salve. Because of neglect it later became necessary for a surgeon to amputate the leg.

When Ed graduated from law school and was admitted to the bar, Hetty gave him $12,000 and told him to travel around and see the country. He came home broke, and Hetty sent him to Vermont to work as a section hand on one of her railroads. His salary was forty-five dollars a month, and Hetty made him live on that. Later she sent him to Texas. Later still she brought him back that he might help her manage her various properties.

He was a good son. "He takes after me," Hetty said, and believed it. But he was no more like her than a friendly St. Bernard is like a squirrel.

The money he inherited from Hetty went bounding into circulation with loud and merry cries. True, every dollar did come home again, bringing friends. But they stayed in circulation for a time.

Colonel Green could make generous gestures. He could do big things. But he didn't lose anything thereby. Over a period of twenty years, following his mother's death, his income averaged $1,250,000. His average federal income tax was $250,000—leaving him a million clear. Even during the depression his income didn't suffer much. At its lowest mark, in 1933, it amounted to $1,022,000.

He inherited approximately $50,000,000. When he died he left approximately $80,000,000. He took after his mother only when it came to piling up money.

UP to the last minute of his bachelorhood he was Hetty's boy; he rode to his bride's home in Highland Park in the smoker of a local train out of Chicago—fare fifty-eight cents.

Then he was Hetty's boy no longer.

He engaged a Pullman compartment for his honeymoon. That wasn't good enough. He hired a private car. Even that wasn't enough. He bought an old passenger steamer that had seen service on the Great Lakes, and converted it, at a cost of $1,500,000, into a luxurious yacht. On this yacht he and Mrs. Green finished their honeymoon.

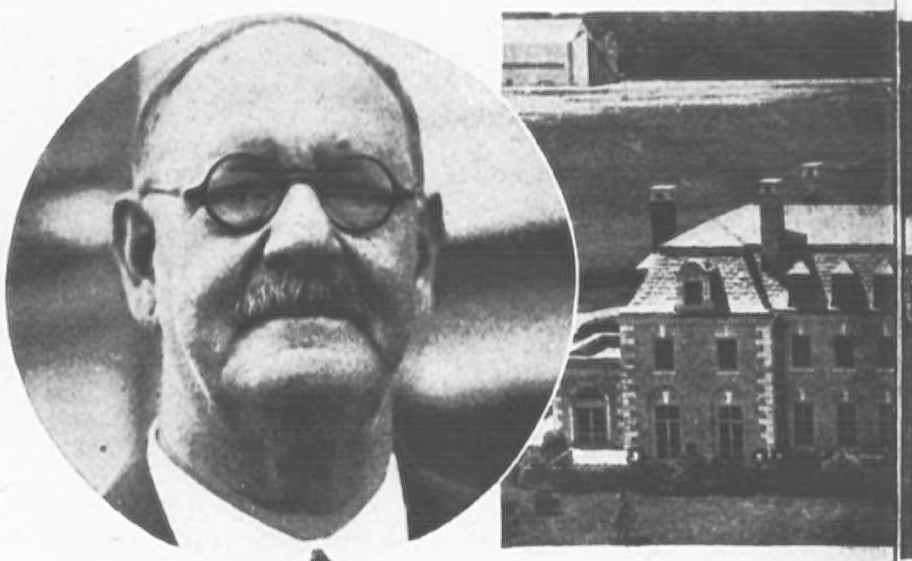
Before the honeymoon had waned, at least three million of Hetty's close-held dollars were turning cart wheels in the open air. Half a million of them built the "Round Hill" house at South Dartmouth, nine miles out of New Bedford, on the old farm where Hetty had played as a child. It is a mansion of granite, concrete, stucco, and stone. It is 230 feet long. It has a living room 35 feet by 60. It has twelve chimneys. It has a garage big enough to shelter thirty autos. It had a wine cellar that once held $100,000 worth of the world's choicest vintages.

Hetty had been dead a year when Ned married his old sweetheart, Mabel Harlow. He had known and loved her for years, but had never let his mother or his sister know of her existence. He had met her in Illinois. There are several stories concerning their romance. One is that Colonel Green called at the Highland Park home of George H. Campbell, his partner in a real-estate deal, and there met Campbell's niece, the beautiful Miss Harlow.

She was a wealthy young woman, according to this story, and interested in charities. She took care of injured and mistreated and sick animals. She contributed largely to the Bide-A-Wee Home and to Humane Societies in Chicago and New York. She didn't exactly shun society, but she wasn't a "society woman" in the newspaper sense of the term.

Another story has it that Mabel was a showgirl, or an actress playing a minor role in a Chicago theater, when she met Ned Green.

Mabel Harlow was born in Everett, Massachusetts, according to this story. Her father died when she was a young girl. Or else he was divorced. He may even have wandered away from his wife and daughter. The wife—or widow—worked in a laundry. Mabel wanted to go on



The late Colonel Ned Green, Hetty's son, husband of the

the stage. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, took her to Chicago and made an actress of her. Ned Green saw her on the stage and fell in love at first sight.

This story has been denied again and again. But there are no records available to prove or disprove it. However, it is a fact that one of Mrs. Green's closest friends was a showgirl, now Mrs. Mary G. Echols Stafford Moore. She was Mrs. Green's matron of honor at the wedding. She was also one of ten or more young women whom Colonel Green educated and financed.

At any rate Ned Green and Mabel Harlow met in Illinois when they were young. They were sweethearts for years and years and years. Their love aged as Hetty Green aged. Ned was forty-eight when he married. Mabel was forty-seven. Over nine thousand women had proposed to Ned. Mabel was not one of these.

"I am marrying the best and most sensible little lady in the world," he told reporters; "a quiet little lady to whom I can go when I am burdened with the troubles of the world. I am marrying for a home, a real home. I'm not marrying a society bud. I don't know who is going to be boss—but I'm going to try to be."

He gave his bride a single strand of pearls, a $10,000 diamond ring, $125,000 in Liberty Bonds, and a check for half a million.

And he made her sign a prenuptial agreement.

Mrs. Green now claims she didn't know she was signing away her rights to her husband's estate. She was led to believe, she says, that the agreement merely provided an allowance for "pin money." The document gave her $1,500 a month for life.

Ned Green had made his will in 1908, nine years before his marriage. That will left the estate to his mother and his sister, and appointed them executors without

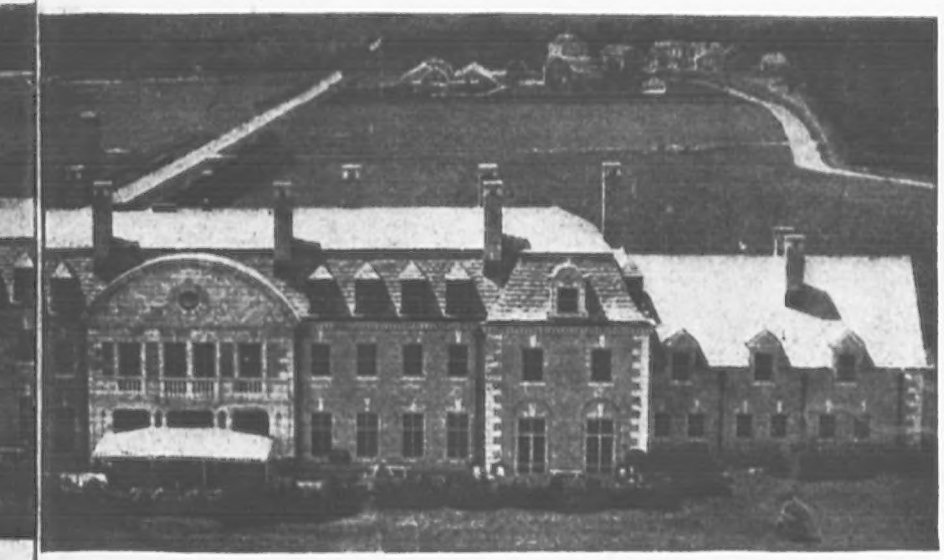
bond. If he made a later will it has not been found, though search has been diligent. That will was offered for probate when the colonel died, in June, 1936.

In Kaufman, Texas, the widow was appointed temporary administrator. In New York, the sister, Mrs. Wilks, revealed documents to prove that Hetty Green had stipulated, in passing on her money, that her children's spouses should have no share in it; that if either child died without issue, his share should go to the survivor.

The widow set up the claim that Green had made his legal residence in Texas. In that state it is illegal for a wife to sign away her rights. In that state a widow is entitled to half the communal property.

The sister disputed this, declaring that after 1910 Green had established legal residences in Florida and in New York.

The five states of Texas, Florida, New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont all wanted to establish the legal domicile of the deceased. They all wanted to tax it. Texas appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its motion was denied without prejudice, but it was granted the right to file a bill of complaint against the other states.



dowerless bride, and Round Hill, the mansion he built.

The widow and the sister and the five states were just beginning to fight when the federal government stepped in. The government will not be denied a generous share of the spoils.

Each of the two women has a number of lawyers, who will charge high fees. Each state has lawyers to fight for its interests. And then there are the government lawyers, and accountants, and tax experts to be considered. There have been numerous hearings in various states. There will be many more. There will be traveling expenses, witness fees, and a thousand and one other items.

Mrs. Green has been excluded from every one of her many homes. She has been forced to give up her furniture, her jewels, her oil paintings, almost everything that was hers except her clothes.

SHE was allowed to remain in the Round Hill home for six months; but every day brought lawyers to the place, appraisers, tax officials, investigators, detectives, and other peace-destroying agents. Mrs. Wilks stationed three New York detectives in the house, and six Dartmouth policemen guarded the grounds.

One day twelve armored trucks, guarded by policemen who carried machine guns, drove up to the door with an escort of motorcycle police, and carried off all the colonel's treasures—jewels, unset diamonds, a $3,000,000 coin collection, a $2,000,000 collection of serial bills, all the oil paintings, and everything else of any intrinsic value in the place. Massachusetts was safeguarding her claims. An official " guess " at the value of the stuff those armored trucks carted away was " around $28,000,000."

Later Mrs. Green found $500,000 worth of unset diamonds in a New Bedford bank vault. These also are being guarded by the State of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Green smiled sadly at the trucks and the men with guns.

" Many a time I carried five million dollars or more in jewelry and cash all the way from here to New York, or Miami, or some place else—carried them in a handbag and never thought of having a gun to protect me," she said.

Colonel Green, too, always carried a lot of money with him wherever he went; and usually he had a couple of million dollars' worth of unset diamonds in his pockets. He liked to play with them, finger them, flash them on friends.

When her six months was up, Mrs. Green was forced to leave the Round Hill home. It was just before Christmas. She went to her apartment in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in New York, and found that Mrs. Wilks had had it padlocked. Her personal effects were there, but she wasn't allowed to enter the rooms without being accompanied by her sister-in-law's attorneys. In the apartment were many jewels, a $3,000,000 stamp collection, and other valuable objects—which were seized and put in escrow by the State of New York.

Mrs. Green then went to her home in Miami, where the very chairs she sat in were tagged with the appraiser's sale value. She was administrator in Florida, or she would not have been allowed inside that house. When her duties as administrator are ended she must find some other home—a place that will not vanish under her gaze.

RECENTLY, during a hearing in the court of Surrogate Harry E. Owen, in Port Henry, Essex County, New York, Mrs. Wilks was questioned by one of the widow's attorneys. She walked to the stand with the help of a heavy cane, and looked searchingly at the lawyer.

" How old are you? " he asked.

" Put me down as over fifty," Mrs. Wilks said acidly. " And while you're standing there doing nothing, suppose you tell me who you are, and how old you are."

" My name," said the lawyer, " is Pennypacker. Isaac A. Pennypacker. And I'm over fifty."

Mrs. Wilks expelled a terrific " Humph! "

" You look a lot older," she declared.

Mr. Pennypacker confined himself to asking questions about the will. Where had she found it?

" I won't answer that," Mrs. Wilks said. " That's a private matter." She turned to Surrogate Owen. " I'll tell you, but I don't want it known to the public." She wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to the bench.

Something of her life before she was married crept into the records when she was asked about the Green home at 5 West Ninetieth Street, New York. She and Eddie had lived there with Hetty for a time.

" We lived there," she said, " if you want to call it living."

" Did you ever call on your brother's wife? " she was asked.

" He never seemed to want me to," was her answer.

" Did you ever make an effort to meet her? "

" Humph! Why should I put myself out? A young man usually brings his wife, or his future wife, to meet his family."

At a previous hearing Mrs. Mary Moore, the old showgirl friend of Mabel, her matron of honor at the wedding, took the stand on Mrs. Wilks' side. She didn't think it decent of Mrs. Green to claim she was tricked into signing that antenuptial agreement, she said.

Mabel had discussed that agreement with her, she testified. She had discussed it on at least two occasions, once before the marriage, and once when Mary was a guest of the Greens in New York. That was some time after Mabel had married Green, and some time before Mary had married for the third time. Mabel thoroughly understood the agreement, she said. She got $625,000 in cash and bonds, and an income of $18,000 a year for life, for signing the agreement. That was a tremendous lot of money to her at the time.

Mrs. Wilks' fortune, it is said, has grown as steadily and as greatly as her brother's. She commands $80,000,000 or more, her friends assert.

Mrs. Green has little more than the income of $1,500

a month and the memories of her life with Eddie Green.

Life has treated her shabbily, she feels. There were those sterile years when she waited for Ned, the long years in which he was tied to Hetty's apron strings and didn't dare acknowledge publicly that he loved any one but his mother. There was the marriage, in her advanced middle years; the honeymoon; the yacht with the Japanese tea garden in it, and the fireplace in the huge salon, and the luxurious sun parlor, and the quick-firing gun on the forecastle deck; the cruising days in the Caribbean in 1917 and the fear of submarines; the building of the big house in Massachusetts; the constant travel with Ned, so that Ned wouldn't have to pay too many state taxes; the years of worrying over her husband's rheumatism, his quarrels with neighbors, his hobbies, and his whims; and now the years of bickering that loom ahead of her.

Little things stand out clearly. Ned's ambition to own a better stamp collection than King Alfonso of Spain or King George V of England. His showboat in Miami which seated two hundred—it cost him $200,000 to remodel it, and he used it to stage old melodramas for his friends. The little electric runabout he used, and the $15,000 limousine which contained a folding bed, a medicine cabinet, a desk on which he whiled away hours with crossword puzzles, a movable chair, a heater, and a roof of glass. He loved to lean back in his chair and watch for airplanes through that roof. His love of hearing people say "He doesn't look like a millionaire." His love of having crowds bathing, picnicking, and playing ball on his Round Hill property over the week ends. Sometimes there'd be 15,000 people there, and 5,000 autos parked, and people would come to the mansion door and ask to borrow mustard for their hot dogs.

HIS denicotinized cigarettes, and his patented windproof inextinguishable matches. His swimming pool. His private bathhouses. His airplane beacon set up on a hill and operating every night, and the public address horns through which he used to pipe radio programs that could be heard five miles. His private broadcasting station which he called "the Voice from Way Down East." The whaling ship Charles W. Morgan which he set in concrete on the beach and exhibited to more than 125,000 visitors. His private airport for land and sea planes, and the hangars. And the hangar for a blimp that is now used as a laboratory for experiments by scientific students. His huge conservatory. His love for roses. His love for sugared doughnuts.

But one thing stands out clearest of all—his failure to protect his widow from a plague of court fights.

Mrs. Green is sixty-seven now. The litigation may go on for years and years and years—as many years, perhaps, as those she spent waiting for Hetty's boy to marry her. The entire fortune may be dissipated when the litigation ends. And even if she wins, and there's anything left to win, she may be too old to get much joy of it.

There's a possibility that she will win. Ed always said his legal home was in Texas. He mailed his federal income taxes from that state. He voted there. He paid his poll tax there until he was sixty years old, and so exempt thereafter under the law. His last auto registration in Massachusetts showed he had described himself as a farmer of Terrell, Texas.

One of the important documents introduced into the hearing before Surrogate Owen was a letter sent by Colonel Green to officials of the Texas Centennial, who had voted him a certificate of distinguished service.

"I note," the letter read in part, "the certificate reads that my residence is in Massachusetts. This is not correct, as I never changed my legal residence from Terrell, Texas."

IF Texas eventually is established as the state of Green's legal domicile—as it may be—Mabel Green may get a sizable portion of the estate. Perhaps it will be only half the property in Texas. Can Texas laws have any effect on the disposition of the property in New York, Massachusetts, Florida, and Vermont? The courts will answer that—some day.

Until they do, the woman who often carried five million dollars' worth of jewels in her bag must live—and fight—on $1,500 a month.

Fifteen hundred dollars a month would be a fortune to many a widow. But not to one who has lived as Mrs. Green has lived. Not to one who must retain the lawyers she must retain.

What became of the $625,000 she got for signing away all rights to her husband's money? No one seems to know. Perhaps it has been spent. Or she may have invested it. If she got 6 per cent on it, principal and interest would total $1,375,000 today—provided she had not touched the interest. At compound interest, of course, the total would be much greater—

But it's of little use to speculate on what became of that money. Mrs. Green is unlike Hetty. She has been no penny pincher, no hoarder, no financial wizard.

And whether she saved the money or spent it, her war chest couldn't possibly compare with Mrs. Wilks'.

Mrs. Wilks has not only eighty million dollars or more; she also has her brother's will, her mother's will that stipulated the money should go to the surviving child if either died without issue, and that prenuptial agreement signed by Mabel Harlow in 1917.

So far Mrs. Green has only the laws of Texas on her side. Do you think she'll win?

THE END

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

I AM A *Murderer*

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I AM one of six million actual or potential murderers now at large in America. I am one of six million persons, scattered throughout this country, each a carrier of wholesale death, insanity, or long suffering.

I have syphilis.

I ride to work each day in a crowded streetcar. Often I wonder what the reaction would be if some one—myself, for instance—got up and addressed the passengers:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Your attention, please! There are at least six persons on this car who now have syphilis or who will have the disease sooner or later. Any one of you or the person beside you may even now be a victim. I am a victim myself."

Passengers would gaze in horror at each other and squeeze themselves into compact knots so as not to touch the other fellow. Two or three of the sixty-odd passengers might plan to have the necessary tests made. But the majority would soon dismiss as preposterous any thought that *they* might have syphilis.

I too would have scoffed—six months ago.

To all outward appearances, I was a perfectly healthy, normal man. Then I went to a hospital with a common everyday ailment. Fortunately, it was a modern hospital, staffed with an efficient personnel.

A few days after being dismissed from this institution, I stood in the office of a hospital physician, wondering why I had been summoned for a "final check-up." I was feeling great generally.

But I was told that reports of "routine" blood tests showed a positive reaction.

But this was all Greek to me.

"Positive?" I said. "What the devil does that mean?"

"It means you have syphilis," said the physician.

The words were spoken with no special emphasis, but their effect on my mind was stunning.

"But this—this can't be true!" I gasped. "Why, I—"

"I'm sorry, but it is true," he interposed firmly. "Your first Wassermann test showed positive. The second was a precaution against any possible error. It too was positive—strongly positive."

"My God!"

My mind had raced out to an apartment several blocks away. In the kitchen, preparing a meal, stood an attractive young woman—my wife. On the floor a chubby little fellow played. My baby son!

Yes, the doctor said, chances were that both my wife and baby were innocent victims of my own ignorance. He advised a Wassermann test for both immediately.

No greater anguish ever came to a man than that which gripped my soul as I rode home that day. Every sin I had committed in thirty full years of life stood out in my mind like the sequences of a motion picture, leering, mocking.

As we waited for the Wassermann reports, my wife and I both prayed wholeheartedly that our child might be spared this awful thing. For ourselves we asked nothing, so long as our little innocent boy was not made to suffer by the bad blood of his father.

At last the verdict came. My wife and child were healthy. Both tests showed frank negative reactions. The eccentric spirochaeta had missed two victims. But its terrible closeness will forever be felt by a wife and mother.

There was no doubt in my mind now that I had contracted the disease during the carefree years prior to marriage. The symptoms probably appeared, but, as so often is the case, were unrecognized as such. There is little chance that I failed to infect others during the infectious symptom period.

Anonymous—but authentic! A frank and daring confession

It was only the sheerest chance that those others did not include my own wife and son.

As for myself, I am more fortunate than most of my fellow victims. I have a job. By scrimping, I can afford to take weekly treatments, which, if continued indefinitely, will not only protect me but also keep me from infecting others.

But, from the public's standpoint—your standpoint—I have not told the most terrifying fact. During the year before my hospitalization, *four practicing physicians had opportunities to discover my true condition.*

When I sought the advice of these four, no thought of syphilis ever entered my mind. Neither, apparently, did it enter the mind of any of them. Yet any one of them could have, through a simple proven test, discovered presence of the germ.

I have since learned that this phase of my experience was a not uncommon one. Physicians who have a thorough knowledge of syphilis and make a practice of diagnosing and treating it are few. Thousands of syphilitics are pouring through doctors' offices daily, receiving treatment for some ill far removed from syphilis.

I'm not indicting our general practitioners for malpractice. But I am indicting thousands for ignorance.

I once heard of an undertaker, back in 1919, during the widespread influenza epidemic, who rubbed his hands together and gleefully remarked to a fellow mortician:

"This flu is sure great stuff!"

I can't believe that such an attitude is being taken by a majority of our doctors in this present catastrophe. I prefer to believe that their obvious lackadaisical diagnosis and treatment of the disease is based upon ignorance, and that this ignorance would soon vanish in the face of an aroused public sentiment.

No one of us can dodge his or her responsibility. I feel mine. If I didn't, I would not be telling this story.

Nothing could be more fantastic than a nation of civilized people standing mute and inactive before the relentless advance of an insidious scourge which, even now, casts an immovable shadow over the lives of six million citizens!

THE END

HEAVEN

By Rose Franken

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WE had rented one of those isolated woodland cottages for the summer—a place where little Allan could run barefoot and the baby could sleep for hours in the sweet pine air. I could scarcely wait to take possession, picturing days upon days of tranquil solitude, with all the grotesque importances of civilization left behind. But much as I detested civilization, I found that I had nonetheless become its slave. The inconveniences of rustic life soon beat my spirit and destroyed my joy. The roof leaked; the plumbing proved defective; and the slow-witted oil stove drove Hilda, who took her cooking very seriously, to daily threats of leaving. Her loyalty, however, invariably overcame her ill temper—which unfortunately was not the case with Mademoiselle, who promptly closed her bags and hurried back to town. Nurses, beyond all other people, cherish their conveniences; and, for the first month, they arrived and departed with sickening regularity.

One day, coming back from the Rivermead Station, where I had just deposited an outraged Fräulein, I was suddenly aware that I had missed the road. A signpost eventually informed me that I was in Newlands, a fairly flourishing township directly north of Rivermead. I could see houses in the distance, and, driving toward them, discovered that I was in one of those little foreign settlements that occasionally creep into a prosperous summer resort. I drew up in front of a tiny cottage with a broken-down porch, to ask my way. Immediately, as though by magic, I was surrounded by children—children with bare feet and bare arms and dark glowing little faces agog with curiosity.

I said, " Can you tell me how to get to Willow Lane in Rivermead? "

They jumped up and down, laughing and pointing to a steep overgrown path almost in front of my nose. " You're right there, Mis' Carter, you're right there! Just go up that hill! "

They went on to explain, with astonishing lucidity, that my cottage was situated directly on the hill between Newlands and Rivermead. Go out the front lane, and you were in Rivermead. Go down the steep, obscure little back lane—which hardly any one ever used—and you were in Newlands. I recognized, then, that I was in an Italian section through which I had once chanced to pass, and which I had imagined was miles removed from my own cottage. By a topographical trick, it lay practically at my back door. I looked about me with mingled interest and apprehension. Little Italy. Patches of garden, shabby barns, and dilapidated little houses. A few doors away, I saw a man being helped up the rickety steps of his porch like a giant rag doll. No one besides myself appeared to notice him. Even the woman who held him about the waist seemed to think that an automobile stopping was more of an incident than a drunken husband.

☆ **A golden girl, a summer idyl, Paradise in the heart — The story of a problem in love**

Assuredly the children found it so. They kept swarming about the car in great excitement. Slim brown paws reached through the windows and rested like dark butterflies on Allan's little towhead. He smiled and liked it. An idea suddenly came to me. I said, " Are any of your mothers around? "

There was a babel of assent and a scurry toward the cottages. In a moment three women came, dark-eyed and olive-skinned, with full deep bosoms and spreading hips. They walked as though they were balancing vessels of water on their heads. One of them carried two babies in her arms, and had a little girl pulling at her long, heavy skirts. She was like a persimmon—overripe, yet sweet and flavored.

I said, " Has any one a daughter, about seventeen, who can help take care of this little boy during the day, until I get a nurse? "

The women shook their heads blankly. But when the children interpreted what I had said, each one clutched the two or three children that belonged to her and thrust them toward me.

" But they're all too young," I protested.

And then a large woman, colored richly as a berry, clapped her hands and said, " Flavella! "

" Flavella! " cried the children, jumping up and down. " Flavella! Flavella! "

Flavella came, pulled and pushed by many hands. Her mother caught her by the arm and spoke to her excitedly. When Flavella finally turned to me, I said, " How old are you? "

" Seventeen! " answered her mother violently.

Flavella smiled at me. Her smile won me completely, even though I knew she wasn't seventeen. Perhaps she was fifteen. She looked as if she had been put together of choice materials, with a ruffle of soft black satin for her hair, and creamy velvet for her skin, and firm cool coral for her lips. But her eyes held one most of all. They were the color of gold with rims of brown, which widened and deepened with her straight, clear gaze. She was clean, too, I noticed with relief—dressed in a childish starchy gingham, with the skirt hiking up over the broad frank curve of her stomach.

I smiled at her. I said, " Do you think you could take care of this little boy? If you want to stay for the whole

Flavella came, pulled and pushed by many hands. Perhaps she was fifteen.

day, I will give you eleven dollars a week. If you only want to give up your mornings, I will give you six dollars."

"Oh," cried Flavella, "I want to come for the whole day!"

I did not realize that I had probably been generous beyond their hopes until Flavella translated the sum to the others. The children began their jumping up and down again, and the women burst into incredulous volubility. Flavella's mother turned to me with luminous eyes, her strong brown fingers groping for my hands. Words poured from her mouth like liquid. I asked Flavella, "What does she say?" Flavella answered, "My mother says yes."

"Good. When do you want to begin?"

Flavella put her foot on the step of the car. "Can I come now?"

I nodded and opened the door for her.

The children stood staring after us, watching the car until it climbed out of sight up the steep little hill. By the time we had completed our short, perilous journey, Allan had surrendered to the soft pull of Flavella's rounded arms and the spell of her joyous laughter. He allowed her to lift him out of the car, and nestled against her while she stood looking about her with shining eyes.

"Oh!" she cried in rapture. "Isn't everything just beautiful up here!"

It was indeed a heaven to which she had not dared aspire, and for a moment I too saw with the vision of Flavella, and was overcome with a sense of harmony and perfection.

Hilda said, "*Eine Italienerin. Mein Gott!*" After the first week, she informed me that Flavella stole candy and fruit which she consumed during prolonged and unnecessary periods in the bathroom. "All children steal," I said placatingly. But she continued her arraignment by saying that Flavella devoted some part of each day to a systematic investigation of my personal belongings. But, when pressed for proof, Hilda could only offer the fact that she had heard my closet door quickly close that very morning as she ascended the steps. I told her that such evidence was insufficient and that I disliked talebearing. After that she made no more open allusions to Flavella's honesty.

As for myself, I could not believe that any one with the look of Flavella could be guilty. "You don't want to believe it," my husband laughed, when I recounted Hilda's accusations the following week end. Very likely he was right. I didn't want to believe it. If I admitted that Flavella took things and went over closets, I should be forced, by mere convention, to let her go. And, frankly, I dreaded the issue; for, somehow, life seemed simpler since Flavella had come to us. Allan was less fractious; the household ran smoothly; and even Hilda began to evince a certain serenity.

Flavella had a way of dispatching her work with no preamble and no following up, and she always seemed to

have plenty of time. I had really not intended her to have anything to do with the baby, but before I knew it she was assuming entire charge of him. She would hear him waking from his nap long before I did—with a kind of seventh sense, I sometimes thought—and by the time I reached him I would find him cuddled in her arms, her hand held competently against the fat little creases at the back of his neck. She could change and quiet him, also, with a deftness that put me to shame.

"She's a smart one," admitted Hilda reluctantly, when Flavella began, of her own accord, to do the baby's wash.

I said one day, "Flavella, how would you like to come back to town with us, and be a nurse, and earn a nurse's salary?" Flavella's golden eyes deepened to brown.

"Oh, Mis' Carter, I'd miss this place too much. Mis' Carter, you ought to see that back hill in winter. Why, you can take a sleigh and coast for a mile without once stopping!"

"Oh," I said, "I see." I was a little taken aback that she should put sleighing before an opportunity that I thought would completely sweep her off her feet.

Flavella's mother frequently sent up a bowl of steaming marvelous spaghetti, or a bag of warm white eggs. And very often Flavella's small relations, proudly dressed for the occasion in clean gingham and wearing shoes and stockings, would come to spend an afternoon swinging on the lawn. At first they came timidly; but when they saw I did not object, they gave freer vent to their joy. Still, I noticed that, no matter how abandoned they were, they never lost a certain wistful respect which so marked Flavella's attitude toward us. No matter how roughly they played, they were always careful to treat Allan as though he were a bit of rare and fragile china. Flavella told me that they talked about Allan and the top-of-the-hill every night after they went to bed.

The children were sweet to have around, and I liked to have them come. But what I did not like was the frequent appearance of two dark slim youths whom I noticed strolling past the cottage every evening at twilight. They would stare at Flavella and often call to her. But if I happened to be within sight they would merely walk on very casually. I didn't like the look of the thing, and spoke to Flavella about it. "Who are they?" I asked her. Flavella said vaguely, "Oh, they live down there, I guess," and seemed not to have observed their obvious advances toward her. And, really, I saw for myself that she would simply go on playing with the children when they passed, completely unself-conscious and oblivious of the fact that they turned to look at her time and again—as though impelled by an urge quite outside of themselves. I hesitated, therefore, to pursue the subject; but I made up my mind that I would keep my eyes open. And once, when I had to go in town, I was as reluctant to leave as if she, Flavella, were my own child in danger of some rude and ugly awakening.

She looked up, the dreaminess gone, enchantment in her eyes.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER J. HEFFRON

I WAS just getting into the car when she came rushing toward me. "Mis' Carter," she panted—she had been running very fast—"I forgot to tell you that the baby hasn't but two undershirts. You'd best buy him some."

"Two undershirts?" I repeated. "But that's impossible, Flavella! I bought him six of everything just before we left the city."

"He only has two, Mis' Carter," Flavella insisted. "I counted them. He has one on, and one on the grass; but if he should need the one on the grass he has none."

I bought the undershirts, of course, not taking the matter very seriously. Infants' clothes are tiny, and have a way of getting mislaid or being used for rags. But two weeks later I found it necessary to buy some dresses and bands. "There are so many of the baby's things missing, Flavella—you don't take any of them home by mistake, do you?" I asked her bluntly.

Flavella shook her head, the ruffle of her hair brushing her neck like a very little girl's. "Oh, no, Mis' Carter, I wouldn't take any home by mistake," she assured me.

"Perhaps," I compromised, "you let them blow away when you put them on the grass to dry. Hang them up on the line hereafter, will you?"

"Yes," said Flavella, "I will, Mis' Carter. I'm sorry if they blew away."

I smiled at her, and was about to dismiss her, when some subtle association of ideas prompted me to revert to the subject of the two dark youths who still continued their twilight walks across our property. "Flavella," I asked her suddenly, "do those two boys come on account of you?"

Flavella did not hesitate. "I don't know, but I think they do," she answered evenly.

"Do you know them?"

"They live down a ways. I always see them."

"Oh," I said. I didn't know how to go on. Her eyes, holding mine so steadily, had no reserves. She was as innocent as Allan, I concluded. I groped my way along. "Does your mother ever tell you anything?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; she tells me lots of things, Mis' Carter."

I hid a smile. "I mean—things that have to do with boys, Flavella. Those two young men, for example, who pass here every evening. You're young and pretty, and if you encourage them . . ."

Flavella gave an unexpected laugh. "They don't need encouragement," she informed me crisply. "They're so fresh, you wouldn't believe it, Mis' Carter. Listen to what those fresh things did a few months ago. It was in May, I guess, before you came up, and I was walking over by the river, looking to see if there were any wild strawberries. Then those boys happened to come along. They started in to get fresh with me."

I winced. "They just didn't know what kind of a girl I was," she explained hastily. "They didn't know whether they could get fresh or not. But I showed them quick enough. I slapped one of them's face, and then the other one began to laugh, and said he liked 'em hot, and then I was going to slap his face and run, when a great big long blue automobile came along. Oh, you should have seen it, Mis' Carter. It was the bluest, most beautiful automobile I ever saw—about as long as—"

"Yes, yes, go on," I prompted nervously. "What happened?"

"Well, I held up my hand," continued Flavella, "and it stopped. I told the man who was driving it that those boys were bothering me and to please give me a hitch to the village." Flavella paused to chuckle. "You should have seen their faces when I rode off like that. It was funny. But they know now, all right, who they can get fresh with. You don't have to worry, Mis' Carter."

ROSE FRANKEN

wanted to be a doctor, but couldn't do needlework, so she couldn't go to medical school. Instead, at eighteen she married. Now the mother of three sons and author of novels Pattern, Twice Born, and Of Great Riches—also of the play Another Language and many published short stories. In Hollywood she has written for the screen. Sew what!

It was as though a door had been opened, and I saw Flavella suddenly as she was—ageless as time, and as wise as life. She stood before me, with her black-satin hair, her clear brown eyes, and the funny little hike of her gingham dress across her childish stomach.

"That's right," I said inanely. "Be a good girl, Flavella."

She gave me her dear smile, which, when I close my eyes, comes back to me like a flash of light. Flavella often comes back to me—in different ways. Sometimes I think of her as being something that was pagan and real and lasting as the sun. . . .

In August I purchased my third set of clothes for the baby. We were also running short of diapers. I discovered one day that the little cedar chest wherein they usually lay was quite empty. I went down to the kitchen, thinking that there must be some drying by the stove. But the clothesline was stripped, except for a single tiny petticoat.

I said to Hilda, "There *must* be some, some place around."

"There isn't," returned Hilda briefly.

I WENT upstairs again. Diapers are not easily mislaid, nor are they apt to be blown away in the wind. I walked to the window and looked toward the swing crowded with small Italians. They were having such a wonderful time—Allan in their midst. The swing was a train and they were the passengers. Flavella was the motorman. She was making the train go madly, her legs apart, her hair flying in the breeze. It was marvelous that the swing didn't tip over. Marvelous, too, that the baby didn't waken. Perhaps happy sounds don't wake people up, I thought. . . . I walked restlessly up and down the room, and finally wandered on the porch to wait until the children had gone prancing down the hill, back to Little Italy. Then I called Flavella. She came running, with a little skip and a jump.

"Flavella," I began in an offhand way. (I felt horribly clever.) "Flavella, is your mother going to have another baby?"

Flavella looked astonished. She shook her head, and I watched, mechanically, for the ruffle of hair to brush her neck. "*My* mother? Not my mother, Mis' Carter. She's not going to have a baby. My mother says that seven children is plenty."

"Well, good Lord, then, Flavella," I flung out on a baffled little laugh. "Are *you* going to have a baby?" I was fooling, of course; but Flavella took my breath away by answering:

"Yes'm."

A small sharp silence fell between us, which Flavella was the first to break. "January," she added, looking up at me.

"*Flavella!*" I cried, feeling that the joke had gone far enough. "What on earth are you saying, you ridiculous child?" And then I became speechless, for I could find no humor in her beautiful serenity. I thought of the two dark boys and their twilight strolls; I thought of Flavella's remote, virtuous little face as she sat in the swing; I thought of the time she had told me she eluded them. . . . Had Flavella lied to me?

"Flavella!" I cried again, and with a note of anger and sorrow in my voice. "Flavella, is it one of those boys?"

"What boys?" Flavella asked me blankly.

"Those boys—you know—"

"Oh! You mean those Italian boys that pass by the house every night?"

"Yes."

FLAVELLA laughed out. "Them!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Them! I should say not! They're fresh, Mis' Carter. I told you that already. I wouldn't have anything to *do* with them."

I was conscious of an absurd, an utterly unreasonable relief that she had not lied to me.

"Then who, Flavella . . . what . . ." Horrible possibilities muddled my thoughts like black clouds, only to be dispelled, in spite of myself, by the light in Flavella's face.

"I told you about him once," she offered, shyly as a bride.

"You never did, Flavella," I whispered. "I'm sure you never did. I'd have remembered if you had—"

"But I did, Mis' Carter," she insisted. She paused, lost for a moment in the sweetest contemplation. She looked up at last, the dreaminess gone and enchantment in her eyes. "Mis' Carter," she told me solemnly, "he's the most wonderful man in the world, and he's got the biggest, bluest automobile you ever saw!"

I gave a little cry, and then turned quickly away, not wanting to dim her radiance by the horror which leaped within me. For surely the clear brown eyes which she lifted to mine held neither panic nor shame. I walked swiftly from the cottage, wanting desperately to keep that vision long enough to make it mine. Neither panic nor shame. . . . I found myself on the steep little woody path behind the house, and I made my way carefully along with the precision of a sleepwalker. Horrible? Tragic? How could anything tragic and horrible lurk behind the beautiful clarity of Flavella's eyes? How could I brand her as unclean and false when she bore that rare radiance of mind and body which surely God must wish for all His creatures? Alone in the woods, I slowly shook my head, for I knew I was not fit to judge. Perhaps Flavella had a secret of life which I had somehow missed. I kept on walking half aware, my body servant to the headlong confusion of my thoughts.

The cool dim woodland suddenly cleared, and before me, all at once, lay Little Italy, unrolling like a bright red ribbon in the sun. I stood for a long, long moment, looking down at the shabby houses and the laughing barefoot children and dark-eyed women. I could see Flavella's tumbledown little home with its fertile untidy garden and its riot of golden sunflowers. In the distance a man came reeling down the road, and I saw a woman go tranquilly to meet him, her full deep breasts flung out, her head erect, as if she were balancing a vessel of water as she walked. I closed my eyes, faint with emotions which I could neither understand nor conquer. Then I turned and scrambled up the steep little path as fast as I could, knowing that behind me lay a heaven to which I did not dare descend.

THE END

BRADDOCK'S PAST—A *Strange*

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

JAMES JAY BRADDOCK evolved a unique theory and did something about it. Voicing a thought similar to Waite Hoyt's recent observation that big-league ballplayers were dying on their feet from inactivity, young Mr. Braddock contended that few prizefighters ever got enough exercise, in actual battles or in the training camps before them. The fighters, Braddock added, were mostly just a lot of softies.

The remedy Braddock selected would send prizefighters, disguised as stevedores, upon the Hoboken docks in a column of squads. There they could nudge aside the regular stevedores and begin tossing large bales of railroad ties from dock to dock. In time the railroad ties would seem to be just toothpicks—says James Jay Braddock—and the softies would gain enough new strength and health to enable them to lengthen their ring wars for a few years more.

Hoboken's seething water front is home to James Jay Braddock, land of his happy and turbulent boyhood, although he was, contrary to popular belief, born on the northern rim of the Hell's Kitchen area in New York. On the water front in Jersey he fought his first fight, earned his first dollar. He is, like his hardy father before him was, and is, a stevedore at heart—but with a mind developed far beyond that calling and with an articulateness unusual in a boxer, even a polished boxer of the higher brackets.

The nostalgic lure of bales and hooks more than once has called Braddock back to the docks for a working vacation away from the prize ring. It wasn't fun that took him back there a few years ago, however, when the cauliflower industry hit a new all-time low as depression gripped the land. Almost everybody knows how Braddock leaped from a relief job as a stevedore on his native docks into the heavyweight championship in the brief span of twelve months; but few are acquainted with the development of the weapon which won the title for him. The weapon was, as you recall, a hard straight left to the face.

That left jab mussed up the features of Mr. Max Baer no end in the title fight and earned for Braddock a decision which Baer "couldn't lose." The left had been somewhat in evidence in Braddock's "comeback" fights against Corn Griffin, John Henry Lewis, and Art Lasky, but Mr. Baer was the first to feel the real force of it before a good-sized crowd. The blow will be Jim's chief reliance when he squares off against the next contender. The champion developed the left because he had the good sense to toss his last two or three shiploads of railroad ties not with his right arm but with his *left!*

Braddock was little known before he zoomed into the match with Baer, and for this reason many of the most expert boxing orators don't know that Jim never was anything more than a skimpy light heavyweight prior to his forced march back to the docks in the depression. He seldom, in fact, scaled more than 170 pounds; often he was under 165. Braddock's lack of early fame, therefore, has tended to limit public curiosity regarding the thirty extra pounds which he now carries into the ring. Yes, blame the railroad ties again! They did it—the champion says so.

Not even the record books seemed able to get Braddock straight before his rush to fame. Therein he was listed as having been born in North Bergen, New Jersey, on December 6, 1906. On Jim's own word that now significant event took place in Hell's Kitchen on June 7, 1906, and you may depend upon it that Jim is right. No prizefighter ever gave himself a day the worst of it in registering his age—and here stands Braddock adding a full six months to his record!

Joe Gould, a petit but voluble manager, signed Braddock up in 1924 and the pair began the struggle for a foothold in the ring. In 1928 the New Jersey light heavyweight broke his right fist in violent contact with Pete Latzo's jaw, which also cracked under the strain. Heroic measures were in order, since Joe and Jim needed money badly and could not afford to lie idle.

Gould rushed Jim to a doctor who set the broken bones and informed the prizefighting partnership that everything would be all right. But the hand continued to trouble Jim, and he was unable to do any boxing. The bones, a specialist later said, had been improperly set; he broke the hand all over again and reset it.

The mitt was healing nicely when Braddock was offered a bout with Paul Swiderski, then a promising heavyweight. The $3,500 prize was too much for James Jay.

By WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN

Story OF THE CHAMPION

He accepted. The hand went out in the fourth round, but Braddock cleverly concealed his pain and went on to win the decision in ten sessions. He was nearer the top and in funds, but he had to give his hand a good long rest.

Braddock by that time was known in cauliflower circles as an eager young man with a good right which seldom connected, but with no left at all. His future seemed to have been reached and passed by the time he was forced to ask for a relief job. But Jim never quite relinquished the dream Joe Gould had built up for him years earlier. He still fought when he could, which was seldom, but he had to cling to his job on the docks.

Then came the Carnera-Baer fight in June, 1934, and Braddock's battle with Corn Griffin, on the same card. Griffin's scheduled opponent had become ill, and stevedore Braddock accepted the bid—and the $200 they offered—the day before the fight.

Very few were interested when Braddock and Griffin entered the ring for their eight-round semifinal bout that night. Wasn't this to be a large and easy step upward for Charlie Harvey's new heavyweight find? Wasn't Braddock unprepared, untrained? It was all so simple. But it turned out to be another one of those scheduled slaughters where a deadly lamb turns upon a defenseless butcher and slays him. The weapon employed, all later learned, was a left jab which upset every assault Griffin attempted and unbalanced him for the descent of Braddock's mighty right. The blow fell in the third round, and Griffin didn't get up.

ALL of this came under the head of unimportant miscellany to everybody but Gould and Braddock at the time. Those old boxing partners contrived, as naturally they would, to cash in on their success by getting a few Garden bouts for themselves, and all their friends were happy. Almost everybody remembers how the amazingly larger Braddock polished off Lewis and Lasky with his newly developed left jab. Just as many remember, too, the shock felt through the cauliflower industry when the "unknown" Braddock was announced as Baer's opponent in Max's first defense of his title. Despite his victories, he *couldn't* be that good.

Then, after his surprising display of skill against Baer, Jim Braddock enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first heavyweight champion about whom hardly anybody knew anything whatever. Joe Gould set about rectifying this by showing his champion in as many places and as many times as he could. Jim's eager willingness to oblige any and everybody with appearances at charity shows and church bazaars and so forth has won him wider fame than his victory over Baer, which blood-hungry customers called "dull," just as they called Tunney's bouts dull—for the simple reason that nobody got killed.

Braddock donated his services at charity performances even when he had to cancel paying engagements to do so. He has, however, earned a neat sum as champion and looks forward eagerly to the profits in his next title bout.

Braddock and Gould arrived at the Schmeling-Louis ringside thoroughly neutral, ready to applaud the better man. But Schmeling's crafty campaign to achieve the impossible quickly won them to his standard. Watching the performance, Braddock was sorry that he was not in

1937

Schmeling's place, but he was glad to see another boxer fight Louis just as Jim himself had planned to fight the Bomber—particularly when those Braddock-evolved tactics won.

When Schmeling flattened Louis, James Jay and Gould were elated—not because they were particularly opposed to Louis but because Schmeling's performance against heavy odds reminded them so much of Jim's own winning battle against Baer.

Braddock has his plan of campaign mapped out for the coming bout. It will consist of keeping a strong left hand in his rival's face for as much of the forty-five minutes as possible. He thinks that he thus may wear him down and pave the way for a pile-driving right where it will count.

Braddock has respect for his opponent's right, but he thinks, with the aid of his own powerful, consistent left, he can keep it from coming home to roost on the Braddock chin.

But, whatever happens, you may be assured that Braddock will fall not backward into the ropes but face forward into the resin and be carried home upon his shield. He never will be counted out sitting on the ropes or leaning upon one knee. And if he should win—well, just tie it up with those ties in New Jersey.

THE END

☆ Here are the secrets behind a famous rough road to success

Wallis's Rules TO MAKE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY HELEN WORDEN

Exclusive . . intimate . . authoritative! Secrets of a lady's design for living as the world's most famous Duchess

WALLIS and Edward are about to go into the last chapter to what many people think the greatest love story of all times. We know how he feels. He told us when he made his farewell speech. He is firm in his philosophy for a successful marriage. How does she feel?

Evidence of Edward's intense desire for her has crept through matter-of-fact news accounts from Château de Cande in Monts. But little has been told of Wallis's reaction to her newer life.

She will go down in history as "the woman I love." A phrase coined by a king. Will she justify it?

Critical and not very friendly eyes are going to be on her the first year of her third matrimonial venture. It's the price a good-looking woman pays for separating a king from his throne. As the wife of Edward Windsor

Attempt always to like the things your husband likes.

she will be forced to play a difficult leading role before a public from which she cannot escape.

Her friends tell me that her maternal attitude toward Edward has not changed. They say he is more dependent on her than ever. His future is in her hands.

How is she going to treat him?

What will happen, her friends and enemies ask, if she puts into practice a formula salvaged from unsuccessful attempts at domesticity? And if she does, how will the Duke of Windsor react to a code based on the handling of two erstwhile husbands: Winfield Spencer, a United States naval officer who was seldom at home, and Ernest Simpson, English by adoption but born in New York and educated at Harvard? These men were Americans. Edward is British. His pattern for a wife is bound to have much in it of his mother, Queen Mary, who spells duty with a capital D; his grandmother, Queen Alexandra, who felt that the cardinal virtue of a wife was submissiveness; and his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who loved only one man in her life, her husband.

Will Wallis have to revise her rules, or can the education resulting from a woman's general romantic apprenticeship be applied to any husband, regardless of nationality?

Let us study her virtues, then the rules, and finally analyze the principles involved, and let us understand from the start that this Baltimore lady is typically American in her drive-yourself philosophy.

On this point her British acquaintances whom I met in London disagreed with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers whom I met in Cannes. The latter denied that Wallis ever attempted to influence Edward. But from what I observed of her when I was in England and France, I believe the British were right in their opinion.

I think both her former husbands would qualify their praise of Wallis with mention of her determination to lead the dance. Yet men must like that quality in a woman, for naval officers, army officers, gamblers, diplomats, brokers, and kings have all dreamed of a desert island on which they could live with Wallis.

People who think they know will tell you that those really in love effect a fifty-fifty compromise in marriage. Actually this is seldom true. One side always gives up more than the other. As a rule it is the woman who compromises, but in the case of Edward and Wallis, it will be the man.

In London it was he, not she, who stopped seeing his former friends after he met her, which proved she was the stronger character of the two. The crowd they went with when I was there—Lady Emerald Cunard, Lady Sybil Colefax, "Chips" Channon and Lady Honoria—were Wallis's, not Edward's, followers.

I do not mean by this that Wallis Simpson is outwardly bossy. She is far too wise. But she's always guiding the wheel. See if you don't think there's a trace of back-seat steering in these four rules which her friends give me as her formula for a successful marriage:

"Be the first to decide any question, no matter how trivial. After you've made the decision, ask your husband what he thinks. All men like to be deferred to.

"Don't question him. But if you're looking for information, give him a good dinner and he'll tell you all he knows.

"Attempt to like the things your husband likes. He'll like them anyway and he'll praise you for your judgment if you agree with him.

"Tell him his mother had the right idea: the wife should be mistress of the home and the husband master of the office. Being English, he will appreciate this. But make home so attractive that he'll never want to leave it."

These first rules have an element of compromise as well as leadership in them. Those I have talked with, who know Wallis intimately, say this combination is her

Make home so attractive he'll never want to leave it

HER MARRIAGE A *Success*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

long suit. In a politician it's an A natural. In a woman it's T. N. T.

But when you see her and talk to her, all rules are off. She's a girl with It. "Bessie [they have not yet got accustomed to the name of Wallis in Baltimore] could entertain fifty people without batting an eyelash," her friends in Baltimore say. "She's a grandstand player."

Wallis showed her gift for compromise when she announced in Cannes, by way of Lord Brownlow:

"Through the last few weeks I have invariably wished to avoid any action or proposal which might hurt or damage His Majesty or his throne. Today my attitude is unchanged, and I am willing, if such action will solve the problem, to withdraw from a situation that has become unhappy and untenable."

Her qualities as a leader flame up in this next group of her rules for marriage:

"Tell him how strong he is and praise him for his character, but suggest that all decisions be mutual.

"Encourage him to take up a profession, but don't let him become too well acquainted with the management of the home. He may decide that it is his calling.

"Never ask him to make a promise—all men resent shackles—but let him see you are unhappy if he goes against your wishes.

"Let him wait on you. Ask him to do small things for you. This caters to the protective instinct in the male.

Let him wait on you; it caters to his protective instinct.

"Be careful not to express opinions of your own. Always give them as if he had previously said them. Men are pleased to discover that women are swayed by a superior intelligence. Never know more than they do. It is fatal.

"Dress as if in accordance with his taste and judgment, but if you wish to try out a new style, tell him you are doing it for him.

"Praise any little accomplishment he may have, such as skirling bagpipes. At least you know where he is when he is playing."

Most of you have heard of Edward's love for his bagpipes. The farming people near Fort Belvedere, his country place close by Windsor, told me that if the wind was blowing the right way at night you could hear him practicing different Scottish airs. "We h'always know whin 'Is Majesty's at the Fort," they said.

I have a feeling that when Edward and Wallis pick a home it will be very much like Fort Belvedere (perhaps it may even be Belvedere), a simple country place where they can cast aside the past. That she wants to is shown in the next set of rules:

"Don't remember. A memory to a husband is like calling back an old lover.

"Keep your individuality intact. If he wants you to change the way you wear your hair, remind him that he

If you try a new style, tell him you're doing it for him.

liked it well enough as it was when you first met. But, if possible, be a little smarter, a little daintier, and a little more determined to please him after you are married than you were before. A wife can never be too beautiful."

Here we get the feeling that Wallis is a self-made woman, which, to a great extent, is true. She was a skinny, lanky child, with freckles and a sunburnt bleach to her dark red-brown hair.

That she has become world-famous for her wit, charm, and style is due greatly to her luck, experience, and cleverness. Many of her friends, several of whom I've talked with, have had her start but not her luck.

Humor is Wallis's strongest point. It shows in her clothes; a naïve little heart pierced by an arrow was embroidered on all of her blouses last summer. You felt it in the gay casual way she walked off with Ernest Simpson, and you get it in the practical jokes she's constantly playing on friends.

In Baltimore they told me she inherited this trait from the Montagues, her mother's people.

"Hard times have also developed her humor," they hinted. "Bess's family was as poor as church mice when she lived here."

So far Wallis has carried her point by sheer wit. Sometimes she may have overplayed the game, but she has consistently pursued her theory of choosing the back-

Be dainty and smart. A wife can never be too beautiful.

ground she wanted and then picking a man to fit into it.

To be sure, it means changing horses once or twice in midstream, but so far the theory's worked. Whether it will continue to be successful lies entirely with Wallis. The happiness of Edward is in her hands. She believes such rules as this will keep him contented:

"Let him think you are always waiting for him, but in reality see to it that he's always waiting for you."

She practiced this when she dashed off to Cannes while he waited in Austria. Life was not dull on the Riviera. The Casino, where she later dined with Nicholas Zagrophos, head of the Greek gambling syndicate, opened just before I left. Good food, good wine, and good company. The Château de Cande near Tours is equally luxurious. An exotic setting for an exotic woman.

Her method of collecting scalps shows in this rule:

"Make him think this love, the only real one of your life, will last forever."

Which isn't as calculating as it sounds. I think she's felt that way so often it's become a habit. Whispering it to handsome Lieutenant Winfield Spencer, whom the boys at Annapolis called "Beaut," was entirely natural. He was young. She was young.

By the time she had repeated it to good-looking Ernest Simpson, she had learned to say it with more assurance, if with less conviction. A third surge of emotion and a third "forever and ever" to Edward is a test of her qualities as an actress.

Wallis's amazing career has trained her to face situations.

To understand these rules, it is necessary to understand Wallis, which is not easy. My impression of her in France was that she considered life from all angles, then acted swiftly to bring about that which she thought most beneficial to her. Her hours of reading, her care of herself, her gorgeous clothes, her thoughtful silences were all lines that converged in a single point: men.

At the moment she was retreating from one. Mrs. Michael Arlen, a neighbor of Wallis at Cannes, didn't think it was retreating. She called it "yoo-hooing" to me. A statement which contradicted that of Herman Rogers, who put Wallis down as a conservative retiring female who never had a scheming thought in her sleekly coifed head.

Make him think that this one real love will last forever.

From the time she was a girl she'd been on her way: Baltimore, Washington, New York, San Diego, Shanghai, Peking, Paris, London, the Riviera. The girl with the wandering feet and a heart that is always on the rebound. Can she heed any rules?

When young people marry they share combined effort toward future success. But in the case of Wallis and Edward, mutual planning for days to come can only be nebulous, because he has thrown away his greatest opportunity and she can do nothing to further his interests.

What of him, and what does the future hold for her? Will she overcome the handicap of the past which will be forever mocking this pair from the pages of magazines, newspapers, and tabloids?

THE END

'TISN'T SO by R. E. Doan

THE LION is not the "king of beasts"—that is, it cannot conquer all other animals in combat. For example, an elephant can conquer a lion, and there are records of a giraffe kicking a lion to death.

POOR ACOUSTICS are not remedied by stringing wires across a room. The physical characteristics of an auditorium or other room, such as the shape, the reflective power of the walls, ceiling, and floor, etc., determine the acoustics of that room. Bad acoustics can usually be corrected by changing the sound-reflecting characteristics of certain portions of the walls or ceiling but not by stringing wires across the room.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL north pole and the magnetic north pole are not the same. The principal magnetic poles are approximately 1,200 miles from the geographical poles, and are not diametrically opposite to each other.

THE SUN'S distance from the earth does not wholly determine the temperature. The sun is really closer to the earth in winter than in summer. The slope of the sun's rays and the length of the day are the chief factors in determining summer and winter. Due to the inclination of the earth's axis while moving around the sun, the rays of the sun are not as direct in winter as in summer, and therefore do not transmit as much heat to the earth. If the rays reached the earth at the same angle at all times, of course, the distance of the sun from the earth would then be the major factor.

AN ACHING CORN does not necessarily foretell rain. Leather shrinks with an increase in humidity, and therefore a shoe pinches tighter and a corn hurts worse as the result of increased pressure on it.

However, rain does not always follow an increase in humidity. Rain cannot occur without humidity but does not necessarily occur with it.

MONKEYS searching their own or others' fur are not looking for fleas. Monkeys seldom have fleas. What they are really doing, when looking through their own or another's fur, is searching for small scaly particles of secretion from the skin.

BRAINWORK does not require as much food as physical work. Experiments conducted by the Carnegie Institution of Washington scientists indicate that comparatively little energy is used in brainwork, and it is the energy expended, of course, that determines the amount of food needed. Naturally, we expend energy even when resting, and therefore require food regardless of occupation. The brainworker, however, in so far as his mental effort is concerned, requires very little food. It is estimated that half a peanut will supply sufficient surplus energy for one hour of intense mental effort.

SNAKE VENOM is not poisonous to drink. Of course, any cut or sore in the mouth or internally where the venom came in contact with it might permit some poison to be absorbed. Even then, too little would probably be absorbed to be dangerous. Injected under the skin, of course, venom is poisonous, and when injected into a vein may be rapidly fatal.

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A GIRL CAN *Take Care* OF HERSELF

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SHE was aboard somewhere now—they'd held the ship for the plane from Calcutta; I'd see her soon, whether I looked for her or not. The shallow gold dome of the Rangoon temple shone clear and small astern, and I tried to concentrate on it. I only half saw it. My head was all mixed up with wondering what it would be like to see her again.

From Bombay, where she left the cruise with the shore party to "see" India, down to Madras, where the people were supposed to rejoin, I'd had a fine time. I spent half of it telling myself it was all right to be in love, that lots of people were; I spent the other half trying to convince myself it was bunk, that I'd soon be well enough to leave this floating palace of a convalescent home, bum the rest of the way round like a man, and forget that I'd nearly hooked myself. I didn't get very far either way. It was all new to me—just as if I hadn't ever known any girls before, never been able to take 'em or leave 'em alone. I didn't like it.

Then at Madras somebody brought me a note from her. Her aunt had letters to government people in Delhi. They were having a divine time. She wished I was there, hoped I was much better, was flying to Rangoon to pick up the cruise again. My stomach dropped and funny parts of me crept under my skin and I felt lost and lonely. A fine thing: the white hope of National Aircraft put back in kindergarten by a blonde kid with honest eyes, a straight-legged, the-hell-with-it walk, and an idea that the world was made of new beaus, new fun, and a little light footwork on the side to keep out of trouble.

It was no good looking back to see where or why it had happened. The thing was—it—or something—*had* happened. I'd lie broad awake in the dark and get to sleep in the first daylight; I'd find myself in the bar with a whisky in front of me at funny times of day; I'd eat like an ailing sparrow. I wished old Doc Hennessey could see me, with his idea of a world cruise to rest me.

Her hand slipped through my arm, her almost-husky voice said, "Hullo there," and my heart jumped up and got so busy I thought the arteries'd give out at the corners. Hope Lansing was made the way she should have been: firm, straight, her shoulders a little broader than her hips; her yellow hair shining, whether there was light on it or not; her good lips almost as grand in a smile as her quick honest blue eyes.

"This changes some of my plans," I said, pretending it was all right to see her, but nothing extra. "I thought you were lost."

"And you were doing what about it?" she said.

"I was studying the idea from time to time," I said. "What's new?"

"I promised to speak to you when I got back," she said. "Nice of you to remember," I said. It was like watching her from a long way off, and it hurt.

"India's not—it's very old," she said. "But I couldn't have had a better time. You should have come."

"I know," I said. "Begin with the Taj Mahal. Or have they taken it down?"

"You got my note in Madras?" she said, as if she'd expected me to mention it before.

"Yes," I said. "Thanks." Then something right outside the technique stepped into my mouth and said, "I was disappointed."

Her lids came a little lower over her laughing eyes. "Disappointed I was having a good time?"

"Yes. I wanted you back. I missed you like all hell. I used to have whisky-and-sodas out of a bucket—one after the other—to forget."

"And *did* you forget?"

"No," I said. Any sense I'd cooked out of these last days went dead as I looked down into her young cheerful eyes there. And as quietly as I could, I said, "How d'you s'pose I'd forget? I'm in love with you."

She didn't move and I didn't. Her lips came together and her eyes took on a much more grown-up look. "You're—in love with me?" she said, bending her head forward to be sure I wasn't talking about somebody else.

"Yes," I said. "You aren't so darn surprised, are you?"

Her hand slid over mine on the rail and she dropped her eyes to it, all thoughtful in herself. "I think so," she said slowly, not looking up. "I knew I amused you; but I thought you thought I was a kid—sort of wild and unsteady and a little spoiled, and maybe selfish."

"What if I did?" I said as she looked up again. "Is that terrible?"

"N-no," she said, with a half turn of her head. "I guess it's true." Then, after another minute of looking for something in my eyes, she said, "You mean— D-do you want to marry me?"

The only thing I was scared of now was letting her look get away before I saw what was happening in it—something soft and full of wonder, but leery too, easy to frighten. "I want you to marry me," I said, "more than anything I ever wanted or thought I could want."

"Terence," she said—"darling." She looked away. "Nobody," she spoke very low, "ever said anything that meant so much."

"Then—"

"But I didn't think you'd—you'd want that," she said, turning back to me. "I guess I'm spoiled; I guess I'm selfish. I've hurt—people. But I like being independ-

By **RICHARD HOFFMANN**

A swift, spirited story of two young moderns and an ancient thing called love

ILLUSTRATION BY
C. D. MITCHELL

ent—better than most anything: being free." She stopped, and the funny new look of being grown up was still in her solemn eyes. "Terence," she said, "do I have to tell you now—whether I will or not?"

I thought of all the things to do and say, but they all seemed too phony to use. So I said, "No. You don't have to tell me now. But be good to the idea, will you? It *is* an idea, isn't it?"

"It's a very grand idea," she said quietly.

After a minute she stood on tiptoe and put her mouth against mine. Everything in me wanted to hold her close, crowd her into promising she'd marry me; but something stopped me, and I couldn't say then or now what, only it seemed right. I said, "Thanks very much." And we walked along the clean deck to the smoke room, her arm in mine.

At "our" table, where I hadn't sat since Bombay, there was a stocky sandy-haired guy with pink cheeks, clipped bristle on his big upper lip, and two drinks in front of him—gimlets. As soon as he looked at Hope—a sure look that said O. K. in the wrong way—I smelled something that did me no good. Hope led the way to him, and he got up as if he didn't mind putting himself out once in a while.

"You *have* been a while finding him," he said. Then he looked at me with a shiny friendliness in his eyes, jerked his head toward Hope, and winked.

Hope said, "Captain Gough—Mr. Chantry," as if that were her duty and the hell with what happened next.

He said, "How do you do?" at the same time I said, "How are you?" We shook hands quickly; and he said, "Sit down. Have a drink. What will you have?"

"Gimlet, thanks," I said, giving him a quick look-over to see if there was anything I did like about him.

"Captain Gough was on leave," Hope explained, "in Delhi. He found the cruise would get him back to Singapore just in time."

"Hanh," I said.

"Visiting my sister, married to a government wallah, y'know," Gough said, sure this was what I wanted to hear. "But after the princess arrived, sister and the kiddies had no trouble with the army." He laughed loudly, and I didn't bother to look for the joke. "Ay? What? And me coming back from leave on an absolute Cook's tour like this! Maddest thing I ever did," he told me cheerily. "Wait till the chaps hear about it."

"I'll bet," I said. "You aren't English, though." He looked at me as if he weren't used to running into almost-adult mentalities in ships.

ODD you should say that," he said. "First time in an age I've been asked. Ac-chly—by birth, I mean to say—I'm Australian. Never think it, would you?"

"Not for a second," I said, and told the steward, "A gimlet."

"Like these," Gough ripped out at him, pointing to Hope's and his. "None of your damned mucking up the glass with lime and ice and no gin—hear?"

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"Trouble with most of these stewards," Gough told me confidentially, "is they're not kept to the mark. Tips, familiarity with the passengers, all that absolutely ruins 'em."

"The best service," I said, "is in our ships on the Pacific. They let anybody whip hell out of the Filipino boys any time they feel like it."

"Rehlly," said Gough, uncomfortable about some other thought. "Dashed int'resting. Look here, what made you ask about me being English?"

"Don't know," I said. "Accent, I guess." I kept from adding that I usually liked the English. It would have sounded fine, though.

"Practically brought up in England, y'know," Gough said earnestly. "Haven't been out to Australia in years. *Feel* English, y'know."

"I didn't know," I said. "Dashed int'resting."

RICHARD HOFFMANN

has edited pulp magazines, written publicity, and turned out millions of words of fiction. He has also found time to fly a plane, sail the Atlantic in a small boat, and shoot Cambodian buffalo. He is 36, was educated at Williams College, and later had a brief whirl at Oxford.

Hope's eyes were sort of solemn and they left mine quickly when I glanced at her over the steward's arm. I took another look at her while he was telling about shooting driven birds in Scotland, and I got no comfort from her bright interest in him. I behaved myself by not speaking for a while, but when Gough included me in a word-of-one-syllable explanation of the Grand National, I couldn't help saying, "Sounds like some kind of a horse race." Hope tossed off the rest of her gimlet and said she had to go unpack before dinner, and Gough said by Jove, yes, he must look up his fool of a servant and send off that radio to Penang so that all the old boys would have all sorts of everything ready when the ship arrived, ay?

"And eight o'clock sharp here," he warned Hope. "Masses of gimlets." Then to me: "You too, old chap, if you'd care to join us. Well, pip-pip." And he went off.

I said to Hope, "Will you wait half a second and let me walk down with you?" I signed the chit for the drinks. Walking beside her, I didn't have to look at her thoughtful eyes to feel how she was keeping herself to herself about something between us. I said, "How's your aunt? Stand the trip all right?"

"Yes, thank you," she said, not looking at me. "Why don't you like Archie Gough?"

I GAVE a lame laugh and said, "I hardly know the guy. What makes you think I don't like him?"

"It's either that," said Hope, "or the tropics have been rotting your manners since Bombay."

"Wasn't I all right?" I said.

"You know exactly what you were doing," she said, as if to her kid brother. "Whipping Filipino boys, and isn't the Grand National a horse race! He was darn decent about it."

"I admit they weren't very good," I said, "but he didn't get any of it. That kind doesn't."

"*That* kind!" she said, and I almost ducked as she turned on me. "You just said you hardly knew him, and now you know what 'kind' he is—better than I know, only having been with him every day for over a week. He's gone out of his way to be nice, he's introduced me to people I wouldn't have met, taken me to special parties. He's going to do things for me in Penang and Singapore too. I *like* him; and if you have to be rude when you're with him, perhaps you'd better not be with him."

"I see," I said, tense and stubborn inside myself. "I didn't know he'd been Mother India to you."

Hope tried to keep looking dignified and right, but something began laughing down in her blue eyes.

"Terence," she said, as if she might be going to ask me a favor, "he *has* been nice. I do like him. You could, if you tried. The three of us could have fun. And—after Singapore—"

I wasn't going to help her with the rest of it. A faint line came between her grand eyebrows as she waited. Then she smiled—the quick free smile that made you wonder why you ever thought there was anything rotten in the world—and she said, "You'll be up for cocktails, won't you?"

"Sure," I said. "About eight." . . .

In the next two days down to Penang, you would have thought that Gough had been dreaming all his life of somebody like me to talk to. There wasn't any place in the ship he couldn't find me; but I didn't have to strain myself about being polite because he was very democratic and he did most of the talking himself anyway. All I had to do was sidetrack my gift for cheap humor, though sometimes it seemed a crime to let the openings drift past.

Then lots of times Hope was with us. A couple of times I made an excuse to bow out, but for some funny reason Gough seemed to find me a comfort to him, and Hope always acted as if I had her cigarettes or her money or something and was glad I didn't have to go. I couldn't figure it, and I didn't try hard.

Somehow nobody could arrange it so that the three of us danced together; and the last night before Penang, dancing with Hope, I said, "Look. Startling as this may

be to you, I've got to see you alone. How about meeting me in Penang tomorrow—before your party with the military?"

She said, "I wish you were coming. Archie says it's sort of hard to arrange, and—"

"I know," I said. "Place is overrun with spies and what not. Meet me at the hotel—the Runnymede—about half past five."

"I'd love it," she said. "I was right about Archie, wasn't I? You like him now, don't you?"

"Archie and I," I said, "are practically boyhood chums."

After she had said good night and gone off to bed, Gough tried to get me mixed up in a poker game or some talkative drinking, but I was finished for the day and went below too. And, knowing I was going to see Hope alone at the Runnymede tomorrow, I went pretty quickly to sleep.

All the lights were on when I woke up, and Gough was standing in the middle of the cabin, a full glass in each hand, his face shiny and important, his military bearing careful but uncertain.

"What the *hell* is this?" I said irritably. "The bar?"

"'Devening, old boy," he said, careful about the drinks too, maneuvering to the bedside table without spilling much. "Lookin' all over for you. Want to talk t'you. Brought you a nightcap." He plumped himself into a chair and handed me one of the glasses.

I smelled the drink: brandy-and-soda, double. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"Quite all right," said Gough. He glared at me as if I was hard to see. "You're philosopher," he announced. "Damn fine chap's well. I'm a sojer. Damn fine chap's well." Suddenly he stopped being important and severe, got confidential and almost shy. "Want to talk t'you."

THEN I knew what he wanted to talk about, and I was going to let him—to prove something to myself. "Go ahead," I said. "I'm not doing anything just now."

"Look here, old boy," he said. "This crafty little baggage, Hope What's-her-name—she's damn fetching and all that, but she's got under my skin."

"Congratulations," I said, like a rat.

"That's the trouble," he said, actually having heard me. "I haven't earned 'em yet. I tell you, by God, it's as if she'd studied me: knows just how far to lead me, then jinks about under me very nose, and leaves me starin' at the stars with nothing to do but swill down this—swill." He gulped from his glass and looked at me. "What d'you think of that, ay?"

"Amazin'," I said. "You, of all people."

"That's what puts the wind up," he said, serious in the comfort of my understanding. "Isn't as if I'd been born yesterday, y'know. American gels can be American gels, and all

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that, but they're women all the same, aren't they? And Uncle Archie was never yet led by the nose without getting his own back. Don't think "—he pushed my arm—"don't think I haven't been playing *my* little game as well." He nodded mysteriously. "Tomorrow night's Penang, not this damned shipful of what-d'you-call-its. And after we down the bubbly, and the moon comes up over the coco palms, and all that, by God—"

"Convenient," I said, all separate from myself. "Then you could be married in Singapore."

He looked at me as if I'd suddenly grown a mustache. Then he came out with his loud laugh, his eyes not laughing with his mouth. "Well done, old boy," he said, delighted. "Half the time, y'know, that dry wit of yours takes a chap in, when—" Then he stopped and his shiny face grew serious. "But, by God, that's something I hadn't thought of, all the same," he assured me. "I say, y'know, she must have the old lucre too, mustn't she? Off on this bloody cruise, with a chaperon, best suite, ay? Can't do that without the old sausages, can she? Useful in an officer's wife, ay? By God, y'know."

His eyes gleamed at me very steadily and made me feel sicker and dirtier for having started this. "Look," I said. "I'm tired as hell. I'm not interested any more."

Gough caught me by the arm and swung me round. He wanted to see my eyes, and from the smirk in his, I guess he saw what he was looking for. He got up, smiling into my face. "So that's it," he said. "Somebody else fancied himself—before Uncle Archie stepped into the form and made the running, ay? I heard you'd been some sort of invalid; but now—"

I swept my arm aside hard as I could. "You better get to bed," I said, "before something happens."

"Here's a tip for you, my lad," he said, as if I hadn't said anything. "You try it out after Singapore—after I'm quite finished. Don't let her—"

The trigger tripped in my tightness and the back of my hand cracked against Gough's mouth. I saw his fury and his left swing come up, jerked my head aside just before his fat fist made a breeze on my jaw, and watched him catch his foot in the mussed carpet. His head made a grand bump against the steel bulkhead as he fell, and then he lay limp and quiet. I lugged him to the door, and dumped him outside in the alleyway. I felt so dirty I couldn't think of Hope, or wonder about anything.

HE wasn't outside in the morning. I wanted to be by myself till I met Hope, so I kept out of the way till we were at anchor off the island and got one of the first boats ashore. I was too excited and uncertain to remember much of what I saw, wandering round Penang.

Hope came to the Runnymede on the dot of half past five—in cool firm white, her hair shining like spun straw, her hat swinging in her hand. "Hullo there," she said, with the near huskiness and the slow smile; and her arm came into mine and did things to me all over again.

"It's a great coincidence," I said. "Just that minute I was thinking about you."

We walked out onto the grass terrace under the high trees, with bright green shrubs behind the tables and the sea spread away to a clean thin line beyond where the opposite shore stopped. We ordered big John Collinses. I looked at her as if I liked it better than reading a book, and she watched me as if she was glad of it. And then, for no apparent reason, she put her hand out on mine and said, "I'm awful glad to see you."

I kept fairly steady round something that tried to swell me out of my clothes. I said, "I'm awful glad to see you, only I wish there was some way of saying it." I kissed her hand and she watched me do it as if she'd been hoping I would. "Do you remember something I told you—asked you—in Rangoon?"

"Yes," she said, and dropped her eyes to the table. "I haven't been nice about it. I was afraid you might've—might've stopped meaning it."

"Afraid?" I said. "You want me still to mean it?"

She nodded, watching the table, then looked up seriously into my eyes. "Yes, I do. And after tonight—"

Everything inside me was just about to take off when "after tonight" nosed it over. I remembered Gough, half expected him to come across the lawn to us. And I knew there was one way to get rid of the dirt of last night—right then—before she said anything else. "Look, my beautiful," I said. "Do something for me—a special favor. Don't go to that party tonight."

"But I promised," she said. "Archie's arranged things: it's special for me."

"Would it be so terrible to send a message to the ship—now? Say the heat got you and you're at the hotel lying down."

"But why don't you want me to go?" Her eyes suspected me outright. "Is it on account of Archie?"

"It's on account of me," I said.

"It's on account of Archie," she said, her voice sort of sunk with disappointment.

"And if it was, what of it?"

"I wouldn't think of calling it off."

"Why not?"

BECAUSE I won't be told to do things without a good reason," she explained; "and I don't call kid jealousy a good reason. I hate everything about it."

"Wait a second," I said, good and pricked in the patience, but hanging on. "Who's 'telling' you to do anything, and who said anything about jealousy?"

"None of it would have anything to do with your never having understood him or liked him," Hope said, the calm slipping out of her eyes. "Nothing to do with your having been barely polite to him, and then only after I asked you to, because he's been so darn nice to me."

"Did you ever wonder," I said quietly, "*why* he was so darn nice to you?"

"Yes," said Hope right away. "Because he likes me. Because we can be friends without any sentimental trash or—or any jealousy mixed up in it."

"*I* see," I said, and then—looking into the clean anger that made her eyes so warm and alive, I was ashamed of my tone. She was the grandest thing I knew, and her spirit—wrongheaded or not—was part of her beauty. "Hope, sweet angel, don't let's do this. I started it, but I had to. Lots of times men show what they're like to men sooner than they do to women. I wouldn't have any truck with dirt like this unless I was *sure*. This guy Gough's not good enough—honest, he's not. You're fine and clean and—and not scared of anything—and you're as beautiful inside as you are outside, darling. I can't help wanting to keep that away from something that's not—not right."

"Terence," she said, quick and businesslike, as if she hadn't been listening, "it's terribly sweet of you to say such pretty things and take so much trouble. But I've chosen friends for a long time, and had fun, and taken very nice care of myself, thank you. Lots of people like to be treated like kids who forget their rubbers. I find it more flattering to be treated like an equal, especially by a man of the world who knows something about men *and* women."

"And something about being seven kinds of a mug at once," I cracked out, mad.

"Seven kinds," said Hope. "One of them being the kind that runs another man down behind his back?"

"That's one of the worst," I agreed, damned if I'd try to clear myself. "But I don't *know* that about him. I get a funny idea from your remarks that you're going to the party."

"I am."

We watched each other a minute. Then I nodded. "There's a lot in it," I said. "If you didn't go, you'd spend the rest of your life wondering what you'd missed."

"I'm not afraid to give you your chance at 'I told you so,'" she said. "I'll try him out for your special benefit and tell you about it soon's I get back to the ship."

"Swell," I said. "Thanks. I won't sleep a wink."

The pleasure of taking her over my knees and paddling her would have been worth a jail sentence, but I resisted the impulse and sat still.

Then she got up, and I did, and we shook hands. "I'm sorry not to finish my drink," she said. "Don't you come. There are lots of taxis. I'll be quite safe."

"The world is one of the safest places I know," I said. "So long. Have a good time."

"Thanks," she said. "I'm sure I shall."

I didn't want to watch her walk away. I didn't know what the hell I wanted, except to get out of my own skin.

. . . . .

It must have been about three in the morning when the knocking finally hauled me, dopey, out of a bum sleep. I got my dressing gown, and pulled up the knot in my sash before I remembered it might be Hope outside. It was, all right. She stood against the opposite wall of the alley, hands behind her, head up, eyes proud and fearless. I'd never seen her so lovely.

"I promised to speak to you when I got back," she said, and her voice was checked down hard on something strong that wanted to take charge.

It was like watching her from a long way off, and it hurt. "Nice of you to remember," I said.

"I'm sorry I can't give you any satisfaction to sleep on for what's left of the night," she said; and it scared me a little how things not steady or calm were working the steadiness of her voice.

"If I understand you," I said, "I'm very glad."

"Glad!" she said, is if I'd been in the habit of insulting her.

"Yes," I said. "Glad if you had a good time."

"I *did* have a grand time," she said.

I didn't know what she kept waiting for me to say; there wasn't anything in me to come out. I said, "That's fine!" and that didn't help her.

Her eyebrows pointed up a little, and her bright eyes looked at me as if I ought to know how I'd hurt her.

"You were wrong," she said. And she spoke as if she'd said it before and I'd asked her What? "You were all, all wrong! I hope it teaches you to be careful what you say about—about people after this."

"I hope so," I said, "but I doubt it."

"Is that *all* you have to say?" she lashed out.

"Yes," I said. "That's all." Then, far away as she was from me and from any chance of our being together, something made me smile at remembering when she wasn't, and I said, "Except I think you're a swell kid, and I hope you get along." That touched off a quick sort of bitterness in her eyes; she swung from the wall and went away down the alley.

I shut my door, found a cigarette, and lighted it. Then something wet began in my eyes. I socked a good kick against one of my suitcases. Listen, you mug, I told myself. Who asked you to get bitten? *She* didn't. You did it all by your smart self. Now take it. Get out of this de luxe bughouse and see what else there is to learn about life on the way home. I rang for the night watchman, gave him ten Straits dollars and told him to get my trunk out of the baggage room if he had to wake up the captain.

I TORE up the last of a dozen sheets of the Runnymede's stationery and gave up. Nothing I wrote to catch Hope in Singapore would mean anything except that I wanted her to be sorry I'd left the cruise. I took my morning tonic across the shaded lawn to the sea wall. The white ship, in small, complete detail against the opposite shore, slipped into sight. Slow and sure she moved toward the open sea, and the little waves slapping against the sea wall made fun of me for what I was letting her take away.

If I watched the ship and listened to the flat, final slaps of the little waves, I'd get sorry for myself again. I took a good swallow from my glass and turned so I couldn't see the ship. And the tall trees of the lawn, the people at the tables, the bright-lit shrubs beyond—all went out of focus round the sharp image of Hope. She stood the way she had last night outside my cabin—straight, hands behind her, head up, hair shining. It scared me. I thought she was only in my head. But then her low voice said, "I lied to you last night. I came to tell you."

"Lied to me?" I said, like a line in a play I wasn't sure of. "What about?"

"About—about everything."

"Oh," I said, not part of myself especially. "Why not? Wasn't any of my business."

"It was," she said, "if you wanted to make it. But I

THE TIRE "BLEW"... LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING HIS CAR SHOT OFF THE ROAD

LOWELL THOMAS tells what an unexpected Blow-out did to this New Jersey Motorist

RALPH T. RYAN, JR., of Caldwell, New Jersey, was going East—East on Oxford Road near Montclair, New Jersey. But he almost "went West"—West on that one-way highway on which you can never turn around.

Like most motorists Ralph Ryan took his tires for granted... never dreamed he'd have a blow-out—until BANG! went his right front tire. The car lurched—zig-zagged past a speeding roadster. Seconds seemed like hours before he came to a jerky stop—just in time to miss climbing a tree.

Motorists from every walk of life, thousands of them, are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. But a well-known engineer told me that his organization, The B. F. Goodrich Company, in order to provide motorists with the *real* protection they needed against high-speed blow-outs, invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

The Golden Ply, as described to me, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat*. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when the blister is prevented, the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs is "licked."

Taking tires for granted these days seems like a big risk to take.

The *safe* thing to do, I would say, would be to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage is done.

Lowell Thomas

Remember, you can buy these life-saving Golden Ply Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich Dealers everywhere.

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This enchanting bit of brevity, the new Jantzen "Cherie", artfully combines daring and modesty with the neckline cut to the waist! Created of luxurious wool Kava Knit fabric to give you a flattering slimness. The *tailored-in elastic brä-lift*, exclusive with Jantzen, molds the bust in sculptured lines. You may vary the back line to suit your fancy—and wear the separate flared skirt as a cape when you wish. See the smart new figure-control Jantzens at your favorite store or shop. Try them on. Revel in their perfect "girdle-fit" that is *permanent*. . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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was still such a fool when I came home, all miserable and unclean with something rotten—*rotten*—I still didn't know enough to try and save my luck. I still wanted you to be hurt, badly, instead of—of being glad you'd ever wanted to make me any of your business."

It felt a little as if I was coming back to this place now; if I broke out my mind and worked it, I'd understand something I could see. "Look," I said, "where is the guy?"

She nodded once, and her eyes looked beyond my shoulder toward the sea.

"You've got to know all I did," she said. "When I got back, feeling that if I scrubbed myself until morning, I'd never be clean, I changed my dress and did my hair and face over before I came to—to lie to you." Pain came between her eyebrows again and her eyes began to fill. "*That's* what I did!"

I got her in my arms, and her arms came tight round me, her head sidewise, pressing against my coat. I didn't try to believe it, because something enormous took over my chest and my blood went crazy without any permission from me or nature.

I raised my head to get rid of some of my happiness and make room for more, and then I put my lips against her hair and whispered, "Promise—promise that whenever you're going to lie to me you'll go change your dress and do over your hair and face."

She shook her head against my coat and her voice said into my pocket, "I can't."

"Why not?" I said.

"Because," she said, her arms holding tighter, "then if I ever tried to look well for you, and had to tell you I loved you right after it, you mightn't believe me." Her face turned up quickly, eager and too beautiful even for me, who was king of the world. "And you've got to believe it," she said, "all the times I say it to you—forever and ever. Because it's true—it's all I know that's true."

I stopped her talking with my mouth entirely. And after a long piece of no time at all, I noticed that the people round at the tables under the trees looked funny and left out of it. Poor devils, they certainly were too—for good.

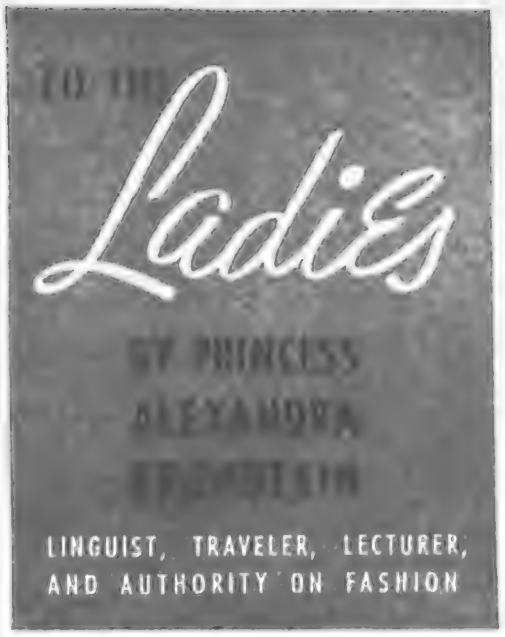
THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo is of a leader who founded a religion after the Scriptures healed her of the bad effects of an accident. Who was she?
2—Does a hen ever drop an egg?
3—Where does the Bible speak of a king hunting a flea?
4—Has New Mexico, Oklahoma, or South Dakota the most Indians?
5—How did Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Charles Frohman, and Elbert Hubbard die?
6—Who wants to spend each Sunday with you?
7—Those abbreviated stiff shirts that waiters wear are called what?
8—Is the Suez Canal longer than the Panama Canal?
9—When did Decoration Day start?
10—What bird goes fishing in Japan, willingly or not?

11—What are the six-lettered last names of Kenesaw Mountain ——, Helen Adams ——, Andrew William ——?
12—Can you name three minor varieties of cabbage?
13—What is the masthead of a newspaper?
14—To discourage moths in a closet, how little of which chemicals is it safe to use?
15—Which form of poem is made up of fourteen decasyllabic lines?
16—What French twin resorts are ten miles south of Havre?
17—What song was written during Fort McHenry's bombardment?
18—How old is George Arliss?
19—Which is usually smarter, a female puppy or a male?
20—Who wrote the Vicar of Wakefield?

(Answers will be found on page 48)



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

HELEN WORDEN

THIS little girl knows all about the *big city.*

Helen Worden understands New York, loves New York, writes about New York. Her daily newspaper column reports in a lively way the up-to-date trends of Gothamite life. Her two books, The Real New York and Around Manhattan, are probably the best books any one could consult for a human-interest background of New York information.

Born in Denver, Helen Worden has lived in New York since she was two years old. I asked her what itinerary she would recommend for an out-of-towner's first visit to New York.

" At the outset," she said, " I would say, be mindful of New York's two entirely different aspects. New York is the most modern city in the world, but at the same time New York is our closest link between old Europe and the rest of America. To get the full impression of New York's modernism a visitor should start with the view from the top of the Empire State Building; then the water front, where ships dock from everywhere in the world; then Times Square and mid-town Broadway in night illumination; then Radio City."

The Old World side of New York is the side that attracts Miss Worden more personally. She would take you, if she were your guide, to the unique pottery shops and wax-match emporiums of Mulberry Street, and to Papa Moneta's famous Italian restaurant. Or she would park you on wooden benches at No. 50 Cherry Street, to enjoy the most genuine Spanish dinner in America, as prepared by Sebastian Estrada, who came here from Barcelona and now weighs 250 pounds. For Polish table refinements Miss Worden would take you to East Seventh Street, and to East Eighty-third Street for German delicacies. She might even take you to the South Street docks where you would find yourself completely surrounded by French-Canadian bargemen.

Wish I had enough space to tell you more about Helen Worden's New York. She *knows* her Manhattan.

● A reader wants to know how she can cope with bombastic guests who come to her parties and boast about the money they make, to the envy and shame of her other guests who have a hard time getting along. Here's what she writes:

" The boasters don't seem to realize what ill will they create. They are nice people in other ways, and I wouldn't care to eliminate them if I could help it. How can I help it? "

The answer is easy.

Ask one of them to lend you a thousand dollars. *That* one won't boast any more about the money he makes.

● *Notes from Toledo, Ohio:* Glass building bricks, used fashionably today by ultramodern architects, aren't really so new and startling. Were manufactured here as long as fifty years ago, I'm told by George MacNichol of the Libbey-Owens Ford glassmaking dynasty. . . . Heard it said that some of the old-time canals around Toledo may be rebuilt quite soon for use again as navigable waterways. Hope they will be. Canal transportation is picturesque, leisured, and inexpensive. With a small boat, summer cruising along quiet inland canals can be one of the pleasantest, most restful ways for vacation trippers to see the country.

● Have you seen these new household *gadgets*? . . . Portable electric base plug with long extension cord that coils itself up in a neat reel case when you press the spring. . . . Berry dish made with a cup-shaped center to hold powdered sugar. . . . Extra bars that fit on your bathroom towel rack, so you can hang up two or three more guest towels. . . . An *observation* beehive for the lawn, glass-fronted, glass-backed, houses four thousand bees, lets you look right in and watch them live, love, and make honey.

● On the stage in a current Broadway comedy a man with family troubles looks into a glass cage of reptiles and says, " You don't know how lucky you are to be snakes."

Reading an account of some newly enacted English laws, I felt that perhaps we don't realize how lucky we are to be Americans. . . . It is now against the law in London to buy a loaf of bread after ten o'clock Sunday morning. Cut flowers may be purchased on the Sabbath, but no potted plants. London drugstores are forbidden to sell anything except medicine on Sunday, and it is illegal, that day, to take home ice cream in containers. Londoners may buy candy during the Sabbath, but no meat or tobacco. . . . We really don't know how lucky we are to be Americans.

● For young parents there is much common-sense information in Harold H. Anderson's book, Children in the Family. (Published by D. Appleton-Century Company.)

● One of the most refreshing salads I know is made with honeydew melon and green grapes. Ideal for lunch or supper on a broiling hot day. Prepare it as follows:

Scoop about six melon balls out of the best part of a honeydew, and heap them together in the center of a salad plate. Surround with seedless (or seeded) green grapes. Over the grapes pour a dressing of mayonnaise thinned with fresh cream and a little orange juice. What, no lettuce? No, *no* lettuce!

Serve with Melba toast accompanied by tiny balls of cream cheese very slightly flavored with nutmeg.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

The Negress leading the way, the injured man picked up Annie and staggered with her indoors

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Hardesty of the Washington Narcotics branch of the Treasury Department arrests "Emerald Annie" as head of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama, she denies her guilt and implores him to listen to her story before taking her back to the States for trial. Tough as this notorious night-club hostess is, the G-man feels sorry for her and listens while she unburdens her heart.

Annie's mother died at her birth. Her policeman father, Bill Hopkins, was killed when Annie was fifteen. The orphan was adopted by Honest Tim Nagle, the big political boss of Avenue A, on the East Side of New York. Honest Tim used to consort with a suspicious bunch of Latin Americans.

After a drunken bout with them one night, Tim Nagle seduced the defenseless girl. Unwillingly, she became his mistress. A baby was born within a year. Annie named her Flossie after her dead mother. Resenting the child, Tim began to hate Annie. Though she didn't know it at the time, Carlos Urdaneta, a Panamano friend of Tim's, convinced the ward boss that Annie was unfaithful. Enraged, but secretly glad of an excuse to be rid of her, Tim ordered his henchman Hymer Schmitt to kill her.

Hymer drove Annie to a lonely spot but at the last moment failed to commit the murder. However, he told her Flossie was dead. Full of despair, Annie decided to quit her native land and go to the mysterious Panama in which Tim was so interested. She had saved a thousand dollars.

Aboard ship, she opened a hastily scrawled note given her by Hymer. It said that he had lied—Flossie was alive!

"Flossie!" Annie sobbed. "Before I die I'll find you—please, God, help me to do that!"

PART FOUR—A THIEF . . AND A FRIEND

A KIND of peace came to Annie after making that vow. She went back to her deck chair, looked out at the green-black sea and the foggy sky and dreamed a mystical fantasy of her future. For an hour she dreamed, and then Dick Kempner came again and brought her a bowl of bouillon.

"Sure. Nice little guy. So, at least, he struck me at the time," Annie said to me bitterly on that evening, so many years after, as we sat in her apartment atop her cabaret, overlooking the reek and riot of Bottle Alley, and as—no longer Annie of Avenue A but Emerald Annie of Colón—she pleaded with me not to take her back to the States and told me this story of her life.

Annie sighed reminiscently.

"Swell-looking, too," she described Kempner, "with his tanned skin and his waxed mustache. Elegant in his white uniform and brass buttons. Not that I fell for him. I hadn't any heart for anything like that. Only he was kind to me, and, believe me, I needed that. He used to come to my stateroom and blow me to drinks and smokes. Nothing more—see what I mean? Just as well, too, since he never told me he was married—the bum! I found out when I got ashore at Colón."

She paused. "Anyway, I got off here—at Colón. And, brother, was this same Colón the live hell-raising burg in those days! I've sure been around. I've been places and seen things—in the raw." . . .

She must have.

For those, when she got there, were Colón's smashing clanking epic years.

Grimly, strangely, life crowds in on a desperate, gallant girl

The engineer—the American engineer, splendidly planning—was king; and the scientist—the American scientist, fighting malaria and yellow fever—was viceroy. The white world was at work here in the brown world, and carrying this brown world along with the swing of its shining idealism and tough hacking energy.

And ever the shout:

"Get a move on!"

Americans at work. Gloriously, profanely, a little braggingly at work.

Pioneer work.

It was in their bones, and they succeeded.

An amazing tangle of humanity, exploding in spasmodic bursts. A labyrinth, pulsing with energy, though apparently formless, without purpose. But, in reality, athrob with purpose. Purpose supplied by Colonel Goethals and his corps of assistants. And so, steadily, this human tangle was hammering, digging, blasting, and cursing the monotonous convulsions of its daily tasks into a whole—the Canal.

Vice? Disease?

Of course.

Annie knew that from the first; understood and condoned from the first.

These people—she realized—were workers all. Men they were, not jerky wooden marionettes wound up by a clock. They had men's lusts, men's appetites, men's greeds, men's manias even. Liquor they wanted—and women. . . .

And they got both.

"They had guts, though," Annie said to me. "Because they were pioneers, not Fifth Avenue sissies. And when they sinned, they sinned real. And when they fought, they broke heads. And when they got drunk, they got stinko, not just weezied up a little. And I loved them all. And—sure—some of them loved me!"

So she spoke of them—the adventurers who rushed to this newborn boom town to make their pile, and make it in a hurry.

"Punks, most of them," Annie described them. "Decent gents, a few. Well heeled as to cash, some of them. And most of them broke."

As she herself was broke.

For when she reached her hotel—Dick had recommended it, and it was called the Palmerston—and took off her clothes, she saw that the two wads in the toes of her shoes were no longer green- and yellow-back bills—they had been replaced by pieces of paper.

Frantically, knowing it would be useless, she searched through the rest of her belongings. She did not find a trace of the money.

She had been robbed—robbed of every last cent.

Her lips were dry. She moistened them with the tip of her tongue.

"Gee!" she mumbled. "Aw, gee!" . . .

Her knees trembled. She dropped into a chair near the window.

She was alone. She was broke. She was frightened to the core of her soul. . . .

And she was so young.

. . . . . .

It was typical of Annie that suddenly her fear gave way

to anger. Anger against the man who had robbed her. Dick Kempner!

With the exception of the cabin steward, Dick was the only man who had been in her stateroom. And she recalled how that very morning, an hour before the Antigua had docked, he had dropped in on her with a pint of Scotch and a siphon.

"What about a stirrup cup?" he had said.

She had been in her stockinged feet; had gone to the washroom to get a couple of glasses. It had taken her a minute or two to rinse them. That must have been the time.

Well—she'd have it out with him now. She knew that, since the Antigua was due to proceed on her way to northern Colombian ports shortly after midnight, she would find him aboard, busy with his accounts.

She opened her purse. She had seventy cents in change—no more. She left the room. In the lobby, Joe Magruder, the owner of the hotel, spoke to her suddenly.

"Goin' out, lady?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Be careful. This is a tough town."

"Thanks."

On the street, she hailed a rickety horse-drawn cab and directed the Barbadian jehu to drive her to the pier. Ten minutes later she faced the chief steward in his office and came straight to the point:

"I'm asking you for my money. Near a thousand dollars."

He took a small knife from his vest pocket, delicately pared his nails, then buffed them on his sleeve. He yawned.

"You've got bats in the belfry."

She came a step nearer. Her eyes blazed.

"I'm going to the captain right now."

"Pipe down!" he interrupted, though quite calmly, continuing to buff his fingernails. "I didn't take your money. On the other hand, I hate a fuss. So," very slowly, "I'll tell you something." He lowered his voice. "Remember when we got to Jamaica?"

"Well?" . . .

"You didn't go ashore. Gave me a letter to mail. It was addressed to an Avenue A florist."

She half knew what was coming.

"What"—she stammered—"what has that got to do with . . ."

"The envelope—you see—came sort of open."

"And you read it?"

"SURE," he admitted cheerfully. "Mighty interesting contents. Ten bucks in cash. And a note to the florist, unsigned, asking him to put a nice wreath of white roses on the grave of one Hymer Schmitt. That's the gangster who got bumped off the night before the Antigua sailed—and you got out of New York in one hell of a hurry—didn't you? Bought your ticket at the last moment. Maybe you were mixed up in that shooting, babe?"

"No, no! I wasn't!"

"That's for the cops to find out. Suppose I send them a wire . . ."

She thought of Tim Nagle; turned pale.

"You"—she whispered—"you wouldn't . . ."

"That all depends. I never swiped your roll. But you can make a mess talking to the skipper—and he *might* believe you." His lips curled in a thin smile. "Therefore—silence for silence. How does that strike you?"

She realized that she was beaten.

"O. K.," she agreed dully—nor did she scruple to take the ten-dollar bill he gave her. With that rolled up in her right hand, she left the chief steward's office; left the ship.

She walked away from the pier, at random, through this new boom town of Colón—not laid out, as today, in a neat checkerboard pattern, but mazed like a rabbit warren. Her way led through alleys teeming with a lawless motley of Central American life—cursing, spitting, laughing, fighting, gloriously free—where policemen were conspicuous, and thus safe, by their absence.

Alleys plunged into bitter, blotched darkness, yet with sudden brutish flickerings of light that showed sights which a man would rather not see.

Alleys like a grotesque incredible setting for a grotesque incredible melodrama.

Alleys of lust. Alleys of vice and crime.

Men from all the world there, roaming the pavement—the squishy, squidgy mire, rather, which did duty for pavement. The sweepings of the Liverpool and New Orleans and Barcelona gutters; the bilge-cock dregs of fo'c'sle and stokehole. Men liable to resort to strong-arm methods when they had spent their last dollar in one night's scarlet spree among the yellow liquor and yellower girls of Panama.

Also, certain of the unskilled Canal workmen; roughs not above highway robbery as a vocational side line. For a paternal and intensely practical Jamaica government—called upon to furnish contract labor for the digging of the Big Ditch—had seen here a God-given chance to rid the island of some of those Negroes who had varied the bleak monotony of banana and sugar-cane and coconut growing by an occasional bit of larceny, the merest breath of rape, odds and ends of arson and homicide and what have you.

Thus, often, it was dagger and gun and club.

Such as the club which crashed down on the head of a man who had just turned the corner, half a block from where Annie was crossing the street.

ANNIE heard the faint cry for help. She heard, the next second, the thud of a body dropping heavily—and she wheeled rapidly in the direction whence the sound had come: a narrow cul-de-sac opening between two houses.

She did not hesitate. A product of Avenue A and Avenue A's gutter feuds, she was fearless always, reckless at times. Reckless as—seeing a stocky figure rifling the pockets of the man who lay unconscious—she rushed up, her small fists like flails, attacking the attacker.

The latter cursed. He lashed out at her viciously and ran away.

A moment earlier, a window in one of the two houses had been thrown open, a flashlight switched on. In its lemon rays Annie saw that the man on the ground was, by every sign of clothes and features, an American and, very evidently, a gentleman.

A man, it seemed, in the middle or late thirties. Good-looking, she thought him, in an intensely masculine way: his well shaped mouth rather large, his nose short and straight, his stubborn chin firmly molded, his round head covered by thick brown curls.

He was breathing heavily but evenly. Was therefore—she judged—not badly injured, only knocked out.

Well—was her practical consideration, based upon Avenue A experience—she'd give him the same treatment that she'd give a souse. And hearing a nasal sympathetic and purely African "*tja-tja-tja*" drifting from the window above, she called up:

"Get some water, quick."

Miraculously, an elderly turbaned Negress came with a brimming pitcher. Annie dashed its contents into the man's face. He sat up, spluttering; swayed to his feet; grinned unhappily as he beheld Annie.

"I had no idea," he said thickly, "that the good Samaritan was so young—and so pretty."

"Mo'n a good Samaritan," exclaimed the Negress. "We done save yo' life, mister, beatin' off them mu'derers. Mo'n a dozen they was, Ah declare."

"That's a lot of slush!" announced forthright Annie. "There was only one. And all he wanted," she told the stranger, "was your dough, not your life—and . . ."

Suddenly, weakly, her words feathered out. Her knees wobbled. She tried to pull herself together; did not succeed. The moon, above the roofs, seemed to swing to and fro in a blazing yellow pendulum. She felt a sharp pain where the footpad had struck her on the forehead—and she collapsed in a faint.

The stranger bent over her; then, rapidly, turned to the Negress.

"Whose house is this?" he demanded.

She chuckled softly.

"This heah," with pride, "am Miss Nell Codman's house."

"Oh—too bad. Just the same, we'll take this girl inside."

The Negress leading the way, the injured man picked up Annie and staggered with her indoors. There, in the front parlor, he put her on a couch upholstered in scarlet silk—while deep purple was the silk which covered the tall, angular body of Nell Codman, who entered a minute later and said in accents redolent of Boston's Back Bay:

"Lucinda told me about the unfortunate occurrence. If there is anything I can . . ."

She interrupted herself; stared at the stranger.

"Why," she went on, "you're Mr. Bradlaugh—Mr. Grant Bradlaugh—aren't you?"

"Guilty!"

Annie had partly regained consciousness. Dimly she heard the name. It conveyed no special meaning to her—and doubtless she was one of the very few people on the Isthmus to whom it didn't, who did not realize that here was a man who already during his lifetime had won for himself a niche in America's Hall of Fame. For, if there is today a Panama Canal, it was Grant Bradlaugh who, toiling with microscope and test tube and at the risk of his own life, was more responsible for it than anybody else, with the exception of Goethals and Gorgas.

HE was a scientist and, amazingly, a devout Christian. Later on, Annie was destined to know him well; to know, furthermore, that once upon a time he had been a very different Grant Bradlaugh, had not always stepped the straight and narrow, nor always—to quote her words—"behaved like a cock-angel with wings."

Indeed, the story went—and was probably exaggerated—that Bradlaugh, a New York medical student of excellent and well-to-do family, had, in his younger years, pursued the physical joys of life with an insatiable and piratical gusto. His weaknesses—call them vices if you prefer—had been many and varied. Yet, somehow, they had not been able permanently to hurt him; had, on the contrary, seemed to stimulate his flesh and recharge his brain—possibly because, at that period of his development, they had been natural to him, had been the core of his existence, lustily spawning in a resolutely pagan way.

And then—suddenly, and for what reason no one ever found out; most likely it was because of a woman—something had happened to Bradlaugh.

Overnight, without a word of explanation to anybody, he had vanished from his gay American haunts. The bars and race tracks and gambling

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Miss Dud—headachy, sickish—miserable. But her hostess knows. "Take this Sal Hepatica, my dear. It's not only a grand laxative but it counteracts gastric acidity, too. You'll feel better in a hurry" . . . Later . . .

Miss Knockout—head clear, eyes shining, radiating pep—dances every dance. Then writes in her diary, "You surely come back fast when you take the laxative that counteracts gastric acidity. I'm converted to Sal Hepatica!"

TUNE IN: Hear Fred Allen in "Town Hall Tonight"—Hour of music, drama and fun. Wednesday nights—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Take SAL HEPATICA

casinos of Saratoga and New Orleans had seen him no more. Nobody had known what had become of him—though of course there had been the usual queer rumors: monastery, insane asylum, the Foreign Legion.

Presently they had forgotten him.

And then—as suddenly and unreasonably as he had vanished—he had reappeared. But radically changed. No longer a playboy, but serious, older in looks than his thirty years, and with high degrees in biological chemistry from the universities of Edinburgh and Heidelberg. Too, ascetic and—a job here for the psychologist—a true believer, for all his scientific training and research.

All of which sounds incredible. Yet all of it true.

True, furthermore, that shortly after his return he had come to the Panama Isthmus and joined the malaria and yellow-jack fighting brigade in a humble capacity; that within twelve months he had been appointed chief of his department and had successfully carried through the herculean labor of cleaning up the Canal Zone—hitherto a cesspool where fever had held high killing carnival—today, thanks to Bradlaugh, one of the world's health resorts.

A great man; but all that Annie knew, looking up at him, was that he seemed a kindly man. Kindly his gray eyes that smiled at her, his crisp voice that asked, as he touched her forehead with probing fingers:

"That hurt?"

"Sure does—the way you press on it like an elephant."

She laughed. So did he. There was between these two, immediately and instinctively, the consciousness that they liked each other. And that is one of the mysteries of life!

Bradlaugh turned to Nell Codman. He had been, he explained, on his way to attend to some work in his laboratory when the robber had attacked him. Now he had to run along; would be back as soon as he could. Would Miss Codman, in the meantime, look after Annie? He would send a doctor . . . it had been so long since he'd practiced medicine, he would prefer a check-up—

He left. And not long later Dr. Grady came and examined Annie.

. . . . . .

"No bones broken," Annie told me that evening years later, "but danger of concussion of the brain. The doctor said I mustn't be moved for a day or two. So I stayed. And Nell treated me elegant—not entirely for business reasons."

"Business reasons?" I echoed.

"You know what sort of joint Nell Codman ran. And I was pretty—wasn't I?—and young? And I was white. Real white. White girls were at a premium in Panama in those days. And most of Nell's, even the blondes, were on the Harlem side—couldn't have made the scrub team on Broadway. So Nell made me a proposition—and I suppose I should have got mad as hell. I didn't. But I turned her down. No hard feelings—I told her straight—but that kind of thing wasn't down my alley. Maybe that was why she and me were pals from the start. Good pals. I'll never forget how sweet she was when she put me to bed. But I wasn't able to sleep." . . .

Naturally, Annie was worried. So young—so pitifully young. In a strange country. All her money gone. And what was she going to do? All she could do was hope for the breaks. So, finally, she fell asleep.

MORNING came. There was an excellent breakfast served by Nell Codman in person; and in the course of the day Annie met some of the girls.

She did not dislike them. Not really. Nor did she condemn them as vicious or downright bad. Her own experience with Tim Nagle had taught her tolerance.

The girls were nice to her. They helped her pass the day, and several days after that, with gossip and cards.

There was no sign of Grant Bradlaugh. It hurt her a little. She had liked him so much; had so looked forward to seeing him again.

Well—and she shrugged her shoulders—he was an elegant New York gent. Fifth Avenue, she was willing to bet. And what did his sort care about her sort? . . . Afterward she found out that business connected with his department had sent him to Panama City, on the Pacific side, in a hurry. And this errand of Grant Bradlaugh, as it turned out, was destined to change Annie's whole future.

. . . . .

Around ten in the evening, as she and Nell were in the parlor—"kind of homeylike," she described it, "sipping a little genteel sherry, me stretched out on the sofa, my head still throbbing, and Nell sitting on a straight-backed chair, telling me all about Boston's Back Bay where she had been born and bred, and how her people had crossed the Big Pond with Columbus aboard this here Mayfly"—around ten in the evening two men came to the house. One was Joe Magruder and the other Carlos Urdaneta.

Lucinda announced them, and Nell Codman met them in the outer lobby. Annie heard their voices.

Nell asked:

"When did you get back from the States, Carlos?"

"Two hours ago . . ."

"And," cut in Magruder, "with the jack. If you have them papers ready . . ."

"I've torn them up."

"Eh? . . . Tryin' to raise the ante?"

"No. I don't want to sell."

"But . . ."

"I've changed my mind."

"Whatya mean—changed your mind?"

"Woman's privilege, Joe."

THE voices dropped to a hectic undertone. It was topped, presently, by Magruder's loud, rather threatening:

"You can't get away with it, Nell!"

"Can't I? Talk to my lawyer."

"O. K. But—look out for squalls. Y'see—we had an idea you might welsh. So we've made our plans—Carlos and me. We'll open our own place. Not like yours. A cabaret. But—with an annex. See what I mean? And we'll run you ragged . . ."

Nell laughed.

"Newport compared to Coney Island? Well—there's no competition between the two. How about a drink?"

She ushered the two men into the parlor. And, the moment Annie saw Urdaneta, she became conscious of a strange crawling sensation in her scalp. Something—something unknown and frightening—swooped down upon her from the fields of lost memory. . . .

Where had she seen this man before?

Perhaps he was one of the Panamanos who, at night, had come to Tim Nagle's house?

No! she decided.

And yet—she *had* seen him. Had seen him as in a dream—sometime, somewhere. A vivid and terrible and obscene dream. A dream that rested, unaccountably, upon a solid foundation of reality. . . .

Swiftly, in a split second, these thoughts passed through her mind, while Urdaneta bowed to her and while Joe Magruder, staring at her, demanded:

"Aren't you the kid who registered at my hotel yesterday—fresh from New York?"

"Sure."

"What you doin' in this cat house?"

"Cat house!" exclaimed Nell indignantly.

"It ain't the First Congregational Church at Falmouth, Cape Cod, is it? Put a nickel in the slut and she'll play all night—that's the sort of joint it is." Again he addressed Annie: "Say—you don't look as if *you* was . . ."

"I'm not."

"Then what you doin' here?"

"None of your business!"

Nell explained how Annie had come to her house; and Joe begged her pardon. She inclined her head graciously.

"And now," Nell said, "about the drinks." She rang the bell. Lucinda came. "What'll you have? Rum—or rum?"

"Rum."

A bottle and glasses were brought. Nell and Magruder sat down in a corner of the parlor and conversed in low tones, while Urdaneta filled a glass and took it over to Annie.

Her strange nervousness about this man returned. Once more she felt that—somewhere, sometime—she had known him—intimately. Of course that couldn't be. Yet she was certain of it. Felt it in her very bones. . . .

She pulled herself together.

"Trying to get an eyeful?" she demanded.

"An eyeful which convinces me that I am right."

"About . . ."

"A pet notion of mine." Calmly he sat down on the edge of the sofa. "You see, I have always believed that women should have sun-colored hair for the festival of life. Such hair, my dear, as yours." His black eyes traveled to her lips, then to her throat, that was white and soft above the loose negligee—and she knew that she was blushing; hated herself for it. "Whenever I hold such a woman in my arms I praise the dear saints—I feel as if my heart . . ."

"Say!" came Annie's crude interjection. "What d'you call this bilge?"

"A mere poetic preliminary." He was not in the slightest disconcerted. "Let's get down to cases."

"What case?"

"Yours. Why did you come to Colón?"

His words were sharp, metallic, overbearing; and somewhere in her brain a slow fire rose—a fire of anger that almost blotted out her nervousness.

"What the hell's it to you?" she cried.

"How are you fixed—I mean financially?"

The query, so dry and practical, was in such contrast with his recent lyrical mood that she laughed.

"I'm dead broke," she admitted.

"We'll have to remedy that condition."

"We?"

"I. I am—if you will forgive me mentioning the sordid detail—very rich. My purse is at your disposition. And, of course, my apartment."

ANNIE was appalled by the man's serene arrogance. She was, too, somehow attracted. She looked at him. Handsome—she thought—and as fresh as paint.

She was about to reply she did not know what, when Joe Magruder, who had overheard the last few sentences, stepped forward and gripped the Panamano by the arm.

"Cut it out, Carlos!" His voice was angry.

Carlos Urdaneta frowned. He faced the other, whom he topped by a good six inches.

"Jealous, Joe?"

"No."

"Then . . ."

"This lady ain't for you, Carlos."

"So?"

"Sure," came the chilly insult. "She's white, you lousy greaseball—see?" . . .

A single wounded cry issued from Urdaneta's lips; high, almost squeaky, grotesque—and terrible.

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"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

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It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Remaining Winners in Liberty's $1,500 Man-Hunt Contest

(Continued from May 29 issue)

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He advanced massively. His whole great frame hungered for a concrete and brutal realization of the hate that was twisting his soul. But quickly he controlled himself as a revolver appeared in the American's hand.

"Get the idea, punk?" drawled the latter.

"Yes." Carlos smiled thinly. "Not being—ah—*quite* white, I'm not altogether a fool. Therefore I yield to superior force"—he paused—"for the time being." He turned to Annie. "We shall continue our conversation at a more opportune moment, my dear."

He bowed to her deeply. With studied deliberation he reached into his pocket, produced a gold case, opened it, lit a long thin black cigar. As he returned the case to his pocket, a piece of paper fluttered out, down on the sofa.

Annie did not notice it. Nor did he.

He left; and Nell said to Joe Magruder:

"Some day that greaseball will knife you in the back."

"Well, I don't scare so easy; and besides, I never turn my back on him. I got a idea that Carlos is playin' a long-range game. He ain't goin' to spoil it by murder—not yet awhile." He sat down near Annie. "And now . . . make yourself scarce, Nell. I want to talk to this kid."

NELL was like an angry hen ruffling her feathers.

"This," she exclaimed, "is my house!"

"Sure. But I'm a customer. And a damned good one. Champagne. That's what I want. The real stuff. None of that hogwash you keep for the Canal Zone employees—the steam-shovel aristocracy."

Shortly afterward Lucinda brought the champagne. Joe filled a glass and gave it to Annie.

"Good for what ails you," he told her.

Then he looked at her in surprise. For she had turned white.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing—nothing." . . .

Yet something terrible was the matter. For she had picked up the paper that had dropped from Urdaneta's pocket; had glanced at it mechanically.

It was no more than an empty envelope. But it was addressed to the Panamano, care of a New York hotel and was unmistakably in a familiar sprawling handwriting . . .

Tim Nagle's handwriting!

And Annie Hopkins felt a cold terror crawling in her blood.

What is Annie's next best move? Dare she stay on and bluff it out with one who is a friend of Tim Nagle? Moneyless, how can she earn her living against so many odds? But sometimes fate has a surprising way of taking a hand, and does so in the next installment in Liberty. Don't miss this one!

Those Irresistible *Imitation* Blues

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SO worked all day," I wrote on Thursday, June 1, 1933, "and finished reading Arnold Bennett's third and last journal, by far the best, but showing even more than the others that here was a man who never let himself go. But when I finished reading it I found that I could not sleep the whole night, and the reason of it is my absurd susceptibility. Bennett having written so much about his insomnia that I fell a prey to it myself. What came of it was that I vowed to write a piece about susceptibility."

Which isn't difficult, I insist, for a highly susceptible diarist. But my susceptibility to many influences has been so strong that, what with having been diverted by one thing and another, it has taken me only about four years to write the piece that I vowed to write; and I never should have thought of it again if I hadn't stumbled upon that entry in my diary.

Now, to certain books I have been susceptible. For a year or two after reading Black Beauty, for example, I was kind to every horse I knew, and thought that everybody else was cruel to horses. But there has been an avalanche of recent books to which I am antipathetic: the books that tell me in so many words—in so many, many words—what I ought to do and how I ought to do it. Now, with me, to sleep is to live[1]; I have lived alone and loathed it[2]; I regret, to the point of insanity, that I'm neurotic[3]; I have no wish to converse[4]; I don't want to get along with people,[5] because they are pretty dull and they use up your time and don't know when to go home; I don't know why I shouldn't be tired,[6] and such books only increase my lethargy; I am sick of thinking for myself[7]—and for others—and I don't know anything I would rather not do; I am a boy who loses friends in droves, and I never influenced anybody[8] by words or actions. Why, my children don't even listen when I say "Come home early" or "Be careful crossing the street." I didn't listen to my parents when they said those things either. And these advice books, these primers for alleged adults, run in cycles. Twenty or more years ago I wasted more time than ever after reading Arnold Bennett's How to Live on 24 Hours a Day.

[1] Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande.
[2] Live Alone and Like It, by Marjorie Hillis.
[3] Be Glad You're Neurotic, by Louis Edward Bisch.
[4] The Art of Conversation, by Milton Wright.
[5] Getting Along with People, by Milton Wright.
[6] Why Be Tired? by Daniel W. Josselyn.
[7] Think for Yourself, by R. P. Crawford.
[8] How to Win Friends and Influence People, by Dale Carnegie.

Those, and books like them, are the books to which I am insusceptible to the point of mulishness. They tell me how I should order my life, and when; they regiment me; and I won't have it.

But to less obvious propaganda I am Caspar Milquetoast Pushover, the Chocolate Drop. For to many books besides Black Beauty have I been susceptible. First, there were the Horatio Alger, Jr., books — Luck and Pluck, Strive and Succeed, Sink or Swim, Wait and Hope, and Ragged Dick—to name a few offhand. These books, pooh-poohed by the generation nurtured on Junior G-men, Dick

A tale of joy and woe: what life is like for one who is haunted by what he reads and sees

Tracy, Ace Drummond, The Lone Ranger, Popeye—all these noisy heroes of the radio, the films, and the comic strips—do not give the boys what I got from Alger. They do not know that Industry, Honesty, and Thrift lead to marriage with the boss's daughter and partnership with the boss; to fame and fortune. Well, the Alger influence is strong with me, and ineradicable. I still think that Industry and Honesty and Thrift are assets. I still think, with the late Hugh E. Keough, that while "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," that is the way to bet. And I confess, in spite of the influence of these books upon me, that now and then I have been indolent, if not lazy; that I have gambled to the point of unthriftiness of money as well as time, especially the poker game that began on Friday at 9 P. M. and ended Monday at 2.10 A. M.; and that I have been compromising, if not dishonest. But I always feel guilty about and conscious of my lapses from the standard set me by Ragged Dick and Tattered Tom.

There were two books, however, that frightened my susceptible heart. The first was The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, with steel engravings by Gustave Doré. I looked at that picture book as I lay on the floor, for it was an enormous green book that no eleven-year-old boy could hold on his lap. And there were three pictures that frightened me—pictures that I have not seen since then. One was a snaky, wormy picture of

> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea.

Another was that of the Albatross hanging about the mariner's neck:

> Instead of the cross, the Albatross
> About my neck was hung.

And the third was of two specters shooting dice, and one was probably the Angel of Death. I looked it up just now, and it was Death and Death-in-Life dicing for the ship's crew. Evidently the latter won; but all that I remembered, night after night, was Black Death. Of course I was glad at the happy ending of the Mariner's Rime, but the sunshine pictures had little effect; it was the, to me, horrible ones that kept my susceptible heart beating at night.

Of course there was the physiology book, with its picture of the heart, which gave me palpitation for weeks whenever I thought of it. There was also something in that book—which I now believe was propaganda for the W. C. T. U.—about the effect of alcohol on the human stomach, showing how drinking wine or liquor would corrode it; although the book conceded—and that is all I remember of physiology, for I couldn't tell within a thousand how many bones there are in the body—"the effect of a single glass will soon pass away." I was so frightened of Filling a Drunkard's Grave that I no longer took, as I had taken

always at Sunday dinner, claret with a lot of water and sugar. For weeks I was abstemious as to Liquor, which was that Sunday tipple. But my father, no deep student of physiology, drank his Pontet Cânet neat, and I was certain that in a month or two his insides would be eaten away with the alcohol.

But that is not the worst or the most enduring ill effect that a book had on me. Somewhere in our bookcase was a big black book that had been given away—to whom I don't know—with a bottle of a patent medicine. I learned more about anatomy and physiology from that book than from the book that I was supposed to study. For the Fear Appeal, as it now is called in advertising, was strong. Little did I suspect that the idea was that the patent medicine would cure everything from hangnail to rigor mortis. I was too new from Alger not to believe everything I read. And there was no disease, no symptom that I did not have a few minutes after reading the stuff. I know that at fourteen I was certain that I had or was about to have Consumption, Liver Trouble, and Kidney Complaint. I had those only a day or two, however. It was the appalling Angina Pectoris that I had, and had bad, at fourteen. I was studying Latin (First Latin Book: Collar and Daniell), so I knew that it meant A Throttling of the Chest or Breast. And one day when a doctor was in the house I asked him to examine me for Angina Pectoris. He did, or pretended to, gravely; for he evidently was wise enough not to laugh at me. He assured me that I didn't have it, and never would; and asked where I got my fear of it, so I showed him the book. He said that it was old-fashioned and that medical science had gone far ahead of the patent-medicine days. He didn't tell me that the quack medical books and museums For Men Only were meant to prey upon the ignorant and the hypochondriacally susceptible. Still, I already had seen Dark Spots Before the Eyes and tried to Suffer Embarrassment in the Presence of the Opposite Sex. I may say that there are members of the opposite sex in whose presence I still suffer embarrassment; but I also am embarrassed in the presence of some members of my own allegedly sterner sex.

And yet that spurious medical book, terrorizing me with the symptoms of Diseases of Men, had a good effect. As soon as I found out how phony it was, I reacted against all medicines or remedies that promised anything. I take no headache remedies, no soporifics; I use even an unadvertised shaving cream, and a no longer advertised razor. I drive an unadvertised (Franklin) car, for the company doesn't make them any more. And so susceptible was I at fourteen to what the doctor told me about that book that I didn't consult a doctor for thirty-one years, and then only when my first child was born.

But the influence of books upon me is and has been weak compared with

the power that certain episodes and scenes on the stage have had, have, and always will have on me. I was first conscious of this when, at a Saturday matinee at the Olympic Theater, Chicago, I first saw McIntyre and Heath in their old sketch, The Georgia Minstrels. They were stranded; the scene was a railroad track; and they were seated on a trunk. The first words—and thousands will correct me if I am wrong—were, "How much fu'ther we got to go?" They were tired and they were hungry. So the big bluff one, James McIntyre, told the little gullible one, Thomas K. Heath, that they would come to the biscuit bush and the ham tree—this is the sketch that years later was diluted into a musical play called The Ham Tree. But my first great susceptibility came when McIntyre described to Heath a dream that he had had of a plate of rare roast beef, with

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the gravy not tricklin' out—it was oooooozin' out—and mashed potatoes. I was frantic with yearning for roast beef and mashed potatoes, and I could hardly wait until I got home for supper. The best seats at the Olympic were thirty cents; if we took thirty-cent seats we had to walk home, about four and a half miles, so we usually took twenty-cent seats and rode. But the first time this act broke upon my unsuspecting susceptibility I was in a thirty-cent seat, so I had to walk home, feeling exactly like a hungry actor. Except for the blackface, I *was* Heath.

A little later I saw a musical play, The Belle of New York, one scene of which was set in Huyler's. I thought, of course, that Miss Edna May was pretty, and that Dan Daly was extremely funny, which she was and he was. But my chief impression was

how pleasant it must be for that company to spend part of every night in Huyler's and have all the candy they wanted. So after the show, which I saw once a week as long as it played Chicago, I would go to Huyler's and buy a five-cent stick of molasses candy, which, according to the red window shades, was Fresh Every Hour.

And the day I wrote this I asked our cook, Margaret Callaghan, to have roast beef and mashed potatoes that night, and I went over to Huyler's and got a stick of molasses candy, now ten cents and it seemed to me smaller, but just as good as in 1897.

If possible, I am even more susceptible, or sensitive—that's what I really am, it occurs to me, though a little late—with the years. I see more plays nowadays in one month than I used to see in two years. But never do I see anybody sitting down to dinner that I don't become famished. I have seen dozens of them, from The First Year to Dinner at Eight and the current You Can't Take It with You. And they all made me so hungry that I went somewhere after all these performances and indulged in gluttony. I might add that the descriptions of food in any Edna Ferber book send me scurrying to the table, preferably to Miss Ferber's own.

And when I see, as I often do, somebody smoking a cigar, even if it is only a stage detective, my urge to pull out what somebody has called the Fragrant Weed is terrific. It is then, and only then, that I wish the play were over so that I might smoke on the way home. . . .

Few plays have sent me to the Liquor Saloons. The only one I recall is Design for Living. In that play, at the end of the second act, Alfred Lunt and Noel Coward, who wrote the play, have a scene in which they polish off a bottle of sherry. They say comical, half-wise things; they do not fall asleep, or become ill or belligerent. It is a bottle of Amontillado; and when Coward says, "I'm afraid it isn't very good sherry," Lunt looks at the label and says, just drunkenly enough, "It ought to be good; it's real old Armadildo." I couldn't wait for the play to end. When it ended, I dashed to the nearest available bar and had five glasses of sherry, which had no accelerating effect upon my thinking. Not to put too fine a point on it, I was no wittier than usual. Or that, at least, was the consensus.

Probably breakfast scenes make me hungrier than dinners. For one thing, the breakfasts usually are served beautifully; the coffee comes from a silver urn; and there always seems to be lots of time for breakfast, instead of the way things are in my Little Nest, when I can't finish even the too hot coffee if I don't want four "Hurry-up-Papa" children to be late to school.

Of course I have but scratched the surface of my susceptibility. You say, and with justice, "He must be terribly susceptible to women." Well, that is another story. I hope.

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

Too Trusting

BY JOSEPHINE HEMSLEY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE two young women at a far table in the vast dining room had not yet ordered luncheon. They were waiting for Grace Buckley.

Mrs. Clifford Powell drummed on the cloth. "Late, as usual," she remarked, twisting her crimson lips into a smile of amused tolerance.

"Oh, well, why mention it?" said Beryl Coates. Beryl had divorced her husband the previous winter but was carrying on very successfully. She unfastened a glamorous fox fur and pushed it back against the chair. "I expect it's the baby again," she said. "Perhaps that's why Grace has a baby. She needs an alibi so often."

Beryl was fairer than Sara Powell and her lips were painted several shades lighter than the olive-skinned Sara's. She took a mirror from her purse and squinted into it. "Grace was always slow," she added. "And she's too trusting. She ought to be always on her toes with a husband like Fred Buckley. He philanders too much."

Sara Powell's glance, wandering lazily about the dining room, snapped back to Beryl, suddenly sharp, suspicious, and unpleasant.

"Why do you think he philanders?"

Beryl's laugh was easy. "Oh, for many reasons."

"Such as?" Sara waited.

"You wouldn't have me incriminate myself?" smiled Beryl.

Sara took a cigarette from a monogrammed case and tapped it on the table. Her face, when she turned again to Beryl, was paler and harder.

"You're to let Fred Buckley alone," she said through her teeth. "Do you hear?"

"I?" Beryl threw back her head to laugh. "Why, you're crazy! Do you think I'd seduce Grace's husband? It would be like stealing pennies from a blind beggar."

"Well, don't," said Sara curtly.

With lowered lids she lighted her cigarette. Beryl watched her. The curve of Sara Powell's red lips was unsteady. Beryl's eyes narrowed.

"So," she said softly.

When Sara lifted her white lids again, she did not meet Beryl's gaze. She looked out over the dining room and said, "Here's Grace now."

A small pretty person was weaving in and out between the tables in the wake of a bowing waiter. Grace Buckley walked in a light leisurely way. When she saw her friends she came forward more quickly.

"Darlings! I'm so sorry. I'm late, I know."

"I suppose it was the baby," said Beryl.

"No, it wasn't the baby." Grace's soft brows drew together. "It was—oh, a lot of little things."

"The same little things we all have to contend with," suggested Sara suavely.

"And which you do so easily," returned Grace without rancor.

"Well, we won't waste any time over that. I'm absolutely famished," said Beryl. Beryl was hostess today.

"What will you girls have to eat?"

They took a time deciding. Finally they all ordered cocktails and the table d'hôte, and the waiter went away.

Grace took off her coat and gloves. "I suppose we've met to talk over the alumnae dinner," she said.

"That's it," said Sara. "The dear old alumnae."

"Dear old alma mater," said Beryl. "You'll both go, of course. We can drive up in my car."

"For overnight?" asked Grace.

"Of course."

"I hate to leave Fred," said Grace dubiously.

Beryl stared. Then she grinned.

"Don't be silly. Sara's going, isn't she? And so am I. Fred will be quite safe."

"I wasn't thinking about his being safe," explained Grace. "I was afraid he might be—well, lonely."

This amused Beryl immensely.

"Lonely!" she laughed. "Sometimes, Grace, I wonder if you're inspired or just plain dumb."

"Oh, I'm dumb," smiled Grace. "You all decided that long ago. At first you thought I was sly. Do you remember that time at college . . ."

Sara and Beryl remembered. Reminiscences of college occupied them through the luncheon. When they were pulling on their gloves, Grace said admiringly, "You're looking wonderful, Sara. Isn't that a new suit? You're slimmer, I think, and smoother somehow. How do you do it?"

"Money," said Sara Powell laconically. "I spend a lot of money."

"More than Cliff can afford, maybe," suggested Beryl.

"Maybe," agreed Sara. "Cliff works hard keeping up with my bills. But Cliff likes work. And it keeps him out of mischief."

"Why don't you try that on Fred?" suggested Beryl, looking hard at Grace.

They were leaving the dining room now. Grace did not hear. She was studying her watch.

"I've got to hurry, girls," she said. "I've an appointment at two thirty."

"With the hairdresser, I hope," said Beryl. "You really ought to spend more time on grooming, Grace. Women have to," she added with odd intensity.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Grace absently. "Well, thanks for the lunch, Beryl."

Grace left Sara Powell and Beryl and, taking her unhurried way across the foyer, came out into the Park Avenue sunshine. The doorman called her a taxi, which bore her westward at less than a footpace through the jam of afternoon traffic. On reaching the uptown shopping district, she signaled the driver, left the cab, and entered a large shop. Without pausing, she walked to the rear of the store, out through a side exit, and stood once more upon the street. A few paces away another taxi was wedged into a line of parked cars. As Grace approached, the driver jumped out and opened the cab door. Grace stepped inside and two masculine hands reached out to clasp hers.

"Darling, I'm late!" she cried contritely. "I'm so sorry. I was with Sara. Have you been waiting long?"

A warm deep laugh answered her. "It doesn't matter how long I wait," said Cliff Powell, "when I'm waiting for you."

THE END

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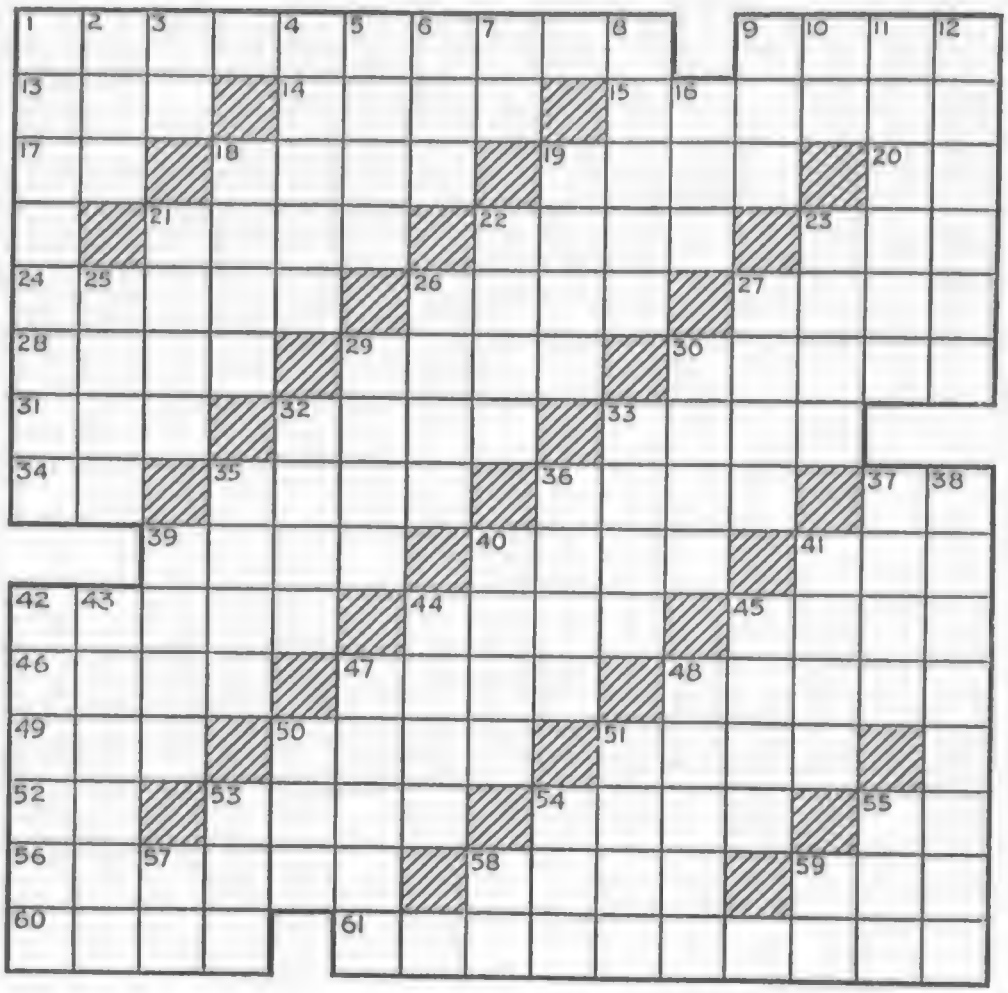
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Old-fashioned banana oil
9 Beverly Hillbilly
13 Fruit of the Balm Tree
14 This goes with a prank and a wanton wile
15 Funny product manufactured by mocking birds
17 Heap small tepee crowded in heap small place—mebbe tepee ap't
18 The whir of contentment
19 Two existences in one, or the coolest dame in Egypt
20 Peachy country (abbr.)
21 Well-known bank in Scotland
22 Young know-it-all
23 Kelly's burden
24 Dame known for her girlish laughter and tears
26 The Greeks raised Helen this place
27 Funny, they steal this but always leave the diamonds
28 Eleven men or two horses
29 Despite Bing Crosby this is all wet and a flop
30 He looked fauny but how could you get his goat?
31 When this gets old enough it's allowed to come to the boardinghouse table
32 This is covered with ham after being exposed to shooting
33 Mike has always been a devoted follower of this
34 End of winter and beginning of summer
35 Here's a gait you're led merrily to and given
36 Anemic man from Hollywood
37 A forget-me-not in a letter (abbr.)
39 It puts the hic in Bacchic
40 Sock exchange
41 The bottle hymn of the republic
42 Two prominent things about the divorcee that influenced the judge
44 When he spoke of his love, her father presented him with this
45 Hotcha
46 Handles on the mug
47 Country butter
48 It makes Frenchmen shrug, Germans shiver, Englishmen quake in their boots
49 Summer around Paris
50 Prominent things about Hitler and handy for loving or killing
51 Bull croon
52 The smelly part of punk
53 A bundle of wet wash on a horse
54 First bird catcher
55 What Mussolini says when he gets stuck
56 How General Franco corrects his mistakes
58 It's hurled in challenge
59 Poverty Wage Annihilator—I hope! (abbr.)
60 Modern bogeymen
61 Handy cure for poison ivy and nose tickle

VERTICAL

1 This is indispensable on a picnic
2 A perfectly adorable rug dampener
3 A tiny seaport
4 This is only just
5 Dictators are always this
6 The difference between fiddle and bassoon playing
7 Nobody knows how high this is
8 Take a crack at
9 Urban vents (abbr.)
10 Higher up in the scale
11 One ship, or maybe more
12 Gentle print absorber
16 This is what they must come to of the party
18 What is Missy Prissy?
19 Adamant
21 What windbags do best
22 Kind of fairy tales Hemingway writes
23 Heavy emotion
25 Only place kids won't hang their clothes on
26 What late returning husbands arrive home with
27 One of the most aromatic things about Farmer Brown
29 The Chinese love this
30 He pressed this on his knees
32 Cooling systems
33 How her mouth looked prettiest
35 They've had their fling in Hollywood
36 What a siren is always good for
37 A sick swallow
38 Rapscallion
39 The wolf
40 Fuzzy-wuzzy neckers
41 Rising problem among baldheaded mystery writers
42 He has the darnedest collection of nuts
43 Human
44 Russian argument settler
45 A burning problem in India
47 The hair on Mother Earth
48 No laughing matter, it doubles you up
50 One form of existence
51 George I in Hollywood
53 Any one you dislike
54 Gigantic swimming ho'e
55 The hardest thing to do up
57 A plug on the highway
58 Ethereal plumber (abbr.)
59 No printer can read it

S	A	B	E	R		D	E	T	E	R		C	A	R	I	B
A	B	O	V	E		E	R	A	S	E		A	L	O	N	E
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S	E	D	A	N		S	T	A	Y	S		S	T	E	T	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

LIBERTY PRESENTS *Comers*

BY ED SULLIVAN

CALIFORNIAN—Eleven-year-old Norman L. Sper, Jr., will be an Olympic diver Uncle Sam will rely upon in 1940; for Clyde Swenson, Los Angeles A. C. coach and Olympic veteran, says young Sper is one of the greatest natural divers he's ever trained. Sper's dad is one of Liberty's football experts; his mother was Winona Winter, former stage star.

ALONG CAME RUTH—Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin are the familiars of eleven-year-old Ruth Slenczynski (below), the Sacramento piano prodigy. Her amazing gifts come from her father, violinist and erstwhile director of the Warsaw Conservatory. Wherever she has played she has been hailed as a Comer. Safe to say she has a great career ahead!

CHICAGORIOLE—On the concert stage she is better known as Betty Jaynes, sixteen-year-old soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company (at right). Her real name is Betty Jane Schultz; her debut as Mimi in La Bohème when she was fifteen was an indication of this young songster's rare gifts. Mark her down on your list. She can't miss!

NOVELIST—Ignazio Silone (at left), now in exile in Switzerland, is the world's most powerful novelist who has appeared in recent years. His deep compassion, evident in Bread and Wine and in Fontamara, emerged from his own life—for his mother and five brothers were killed in an earthquake, and another brother was flogged to death in prison.

Of memories..kisses..and a lover who fought for a chance to die!

About BREAD

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT had been hours since the S-48 went down. For an hour he had been here in the torpedo room alone, and he knew now that there was not much time left. The air was getting thin and it was so full of acid that he coughed each time he tried to breathe. He was crouching by the battered old phonograph in the corner, looking around him. He was seeing the submarine as he never had before.

He had never noticed, for instance, how dim were the lights in the torpedo room, nor how ghoulishly they reflected from the sleek greasy plates of steel on the deck. The torpedo tubes, through which the last of the men had gone, were four shimmering disks that, like eyes, stared at and through him; and the bunks, unmade and dirty, seemed already to accommodate the ghosts of those pale pigboat sailors of yesterday.

He could feel the little boat moving, rocking back and forth, and he could hear the sea as it pushed against the side. He watched dully as beads of what seemed to be cold perspiration rolled down the bulkheads and into the little rivulets of water already wending a thin stream toward the bilges.

He did not like the silence, so he searched now for a record to play. His trembling hand came across St. Louis Blues. Lord, how he hated that one! The men had played it night and day while the sub plowed on and on endlessly through the quiet Southern water, her Diesels wheezing, throbbing, pumping. So he wondered, wearily, why he now put the record on and wound the phonograph and started it playing.

The music was shrill and it filled the room and vibrated through the long, empty compartments. He sat with his hands around his knees, listening. Sat shivering, like a little boy who is afraid of the dark. It was so cold, so lonesome.

". . . Just as blue as I can be; that woman's got a heart."

He did not listen. The song played for the audience of his subconscious mind, and he recalled those things he wanted to remember.

How Cynthia had looked the last time he had seen her.

Bill dropped the lung and tried to knock Tom out. They fought for fully a minute, gasping and wheezing.

ON WATER By STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

The shadow of a coco palm had made her white face dark and lovely. He could see the blue glistening through the mist in her eyes, and he could almost hear the murmur of the breeze that swept in across Waikiki and gently touched her auburn hair. He had been conscious, while listening to her, of the salt that was in the air he breathed, and of the faint and delicate scent of her perfume.

She had said: "No, it can't be, Tom. It isn't fair. I promised I would tell him about us, ask him for a divorce. But somehow I'm afraid—afraid of hurting him."

He had been blunt enough to ask: "Is it that you don't love me enough?"

Cynthia laughed. Laughter that was more like a sob. "You know it isn't that. It's that Bill and I have been married for five years now, and he depends on me."

"But he's cruel to you. You told me yourself. You hate him, Cynthia—"

"No. No—I don't!"

"You—you *really* don't?"

"No," she said, and her voice seemed far away. "I do not love him, but I respect him very much. I couldn't bear to hurt him. Please try and understand that, Tom. We couldn't ever be happy in the knowledge that we had to crush some one to gain that happiness. You are young, and you will find another girl, Tom. As for myself"—she paused, looked away—"I will make myself love Bill."

He wanted to say that Bill Moore wasn't worth that. Any other man might have been, but Bill Moore was selfish and narrow. They said he was the meanest skipper in Pearl Harbor's pigboat navy.

He heard her go on: "If we do evil, evil returns to us. It would be sinful to crush Bill like that. Utterly crush him!"

Far off down the beach the natives had begun strumming Aloha Oe. A tear had dropped across Cynthia's cheek and she had smiled.

"We are casting our bread, Tom. A kiss—just one kiss. Then it must be *aloha*."

OF course there had been more than one kiss.

Three, four, five weeks had passed, and he had not seen her. Faithfully she had told Bill Moore the whole story, as she had said she would.

He had fought with Bill: a slap-bang-drag-'em-out affair in Hell's Half Acre ashore; hot, bitter arguments aboard ship, sometimes in front of the crew. Bill could neither forgive nor forget. He never let up.

But an hour ago he had seen a strange Bill Moore—a man who had fought for the privilege to die. Bill Moore, grimy and dirty after having sent the rest of the crew through the tubes with safety lungs strapped to them. Bill's eyes were narrow and hot, and his broad grease-streaked face was set. He had the last lung in his hand. One man had to remain below so that he could operate the torpedo tubes and send the next to last man up.

Bill had said thickly: "Well, here you are."

Tom had stood and looked at him for a moment as though he were weighing everything; and then he shook his head. He managed to keep his voice steady. "I am not going," he said.

Bill Moore just stared, and then he scowled. A blurt of harsh laughter dropped from his lips. Then, "Hero, huh? Big brave hero? You're thinking of Cynthia, thinking she'd love this, aren't you?" He thrust the lung forward. "Put this on, damn it! Put it on and get out of here. Let a man die in peace!"

"Die? You mean—we got no rise on our S O S? They didn't radio us that a salvage boat was coming? After all, we're only a few miles from the navy yard—"

But he stopped, because he could see Bill's face had turned pasty, as though he had suddenly been stricken with jaundice. He was aware of everything now, every tiny detail. How Bill's sweat-drenched dungarees stuck to his immense body; how he nervously fingered the penknife that was in his hand. That was a habit of his. At last Bill closed the knife and put it in his pocket and looked up.

"No," he said slowly. "Something must have happened. The S O S didn't get a single rise. The man who remains below will—will die."

Tom looked around him then, a strange light in his eyes. He turned back to Bill. "I'm staying," he said softly. "You go ahead and go up."

Bill Moore was, of a sudden, livid with rage. "Damn it, will you get out of here?"

"No!"

It was then that Bill had dropped the lung and tried to knock Tom out. They fought for fully a minute, wheezing and gasping, and in the end it was Bill who lay unconscious in the grease. Hands trembling, Tom fastened the safety lung to him; then he picked him up and jammed him into the tube. Just before he closed the little door to work the valves, he saw Bill's body jerk. He was regaining consciousness. He would go through the water knowing what was happening.

And that was all there was.

St. Louis Blues came to the end of the disk. Tom turned off the machine.

It was very quiet and very cold. He sweated. He coughed, and the cough echoed through the long, empty compartments, shivered from bulkhead to bulkhead. He was very tired, and he wanted suddenly to go to sleep. His lungs ached as though they would burst.

Tap . . . tap-tap-tap.

His heart started beating like a wild thing.

Tap-tap.

He got to his feet. Yes, it was help! Divers clanking against the wall of the ship. His whole body shook. He picked up a wrench and beat it on the bulkhead. He listened, and the tapping came again. Tom laughed, and he cried.

No man really likes to die.

. . . . .

He lay in the hospital bed and they told him how quickly the salvage ships had worked to get the 48 out of the water; how he, Tom, had been lying sprawled on the deck unconscious when they managed to get the torpedo-room door open. And then later there were roses on the table by his bed, and Cynthia sat there holding his hand.

"You know," she said quietly, "Bill died."

Tom could scarcely believe it.

Presently Cynthia went on: "There was a hole in the air hose of his safety lung. He didn't have a chance. Poor Bill."

Scenes, vivid scenes, were flashing across Tom's mind: Bill's hatred for him. Bill with the penknife in one hand and the safety lung in the other. Bill lying about the radio reports, *knowing* that the salvage ships would come, and that there *would* be rescue for the man who stayed below. Bill *fighting* to stay below, insisting that *Tom* put on the safety lung and go up. *The safety lung Bill must have deliberately punctured with his knife!*

Tom lay there on the bed, thinking these things, and suddenly he laughed. Choked and laughed.

"Cynthia," he said, "remember what you told me about casting bread upon the water? Maybe there's something to that."

"Tom, what do you mean?"

He looked at her; then he patted her arm. "Maybe some day," he said softly, "you'll know."

Bread on water, he kept thinking. He couldn't get over it!

THE END

Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

AT the death of her gambler-father, Diana Kildare, nineteen and beautiful, determines to put her old life behind her. Refusing the offer of Guido Ferrone, underworld king who is in love with her, to continue as hostess on his gambling ship, she enters a fashionable school under the name of Diana Fenmore. There she makes a friend of Elsie Norton, with whose brother, Dick, she has fallen in love.

Meeting Dick again at the Norton home, Diana is shocked at his cynical contempt for the world into which he was born and which she is trying to enter. Dick's father has told her that his son has strange friends, and she realizes how true this is when one of them turns up. He is Spike Gillis, henchman of Pete Galeffi, gambler and gangster—and he knows who she really is. Her fear that Spike will reveal her identity, however, is soon lost in anxiety when she learns that Spike, wanted for murder, expects Dick, as a fellow member of Galeffi's gang, to hide him.

Elsie, unaware of Spike's connections, asks him to go with them to her cousin's dance. Dick soon leaves the party, telling Diana that he prefers the company at Pete Galeffi's place. Although she won't admit it, Diana herself is disillusioned about society with a capital S. Sally's guests, all necking promiscuously, disgust her.

She doesn't remain long at the dance, however, for Spike threatens to give her secret away unless she helps him escape the police, who are hot on his trail. He will hide, he says, in the rumble of Dick's car, which Dick has left at Sally's. As soon as the police leave, Diana is to drive him to Galeffi's.

Questioned by the police, Diana, to save Dick and Elsie, says that she brought the gangster to the dance after picking him up on the road. Then, leaving the guests horror-struck, she gets into Dick's roadster and drives away. Dick meets her at Galeffi's door and they are about to enter when Spike, who has just stepped from the rumble, is shot down from a parked car, which immediately drives away. Diana is just recovering from this shock when she receives another. Inside Galeffi's club, she comes face to face with Guido Ferrone, who has sworn that he will get her for himself by any means he can.

PART SIX—GUIDO CRACKS THE WHIP

DICK'S arm stayed steady around Diana. He looked at Guido and then at her. "Who is this fellow?" he said.

"Some one I used to know," she said.

"You still do," said Guido.

"Oh, no! Not if she doesn't want to," said Dick. "And I can't," he added, gazing blandly at Guido's blue dinner suit and ruby watch charm, "see why she should."

Guido stopped jiggling the watch charm. The veins on his forehead stood out as he looked at Dick. "I've heard of you," he said—"the society boy who thinks he's a big-time gambler. You'd better keep out of this or you'll get your fingers burned."

Dick took his arm away from Diana. "I'd rather have my fingers burned," he said, "than my nose broken, which is what you're going to get in one more minute."

"Come, come, boys!" said a resigned voice. "Is this a time to indulge in the luxury of private quarrels?"

A little man had appeared on the threshold beside Guido. His skin was pulled so tight over the bones of his face that his head looked like a skull with brown hair on it. In contrast to Guido, he wore no jewels and was carelessly correct in baggy English-cut dinner clothes. He bowed briefly to Diana while his eyes, bright and darting like a bird's, glanced past her down the corridor to the right of the entrance where the excited murmur of voices from the gaming rooms was rising.

"I'm Galeffi," he told Diana with the bow. "Listen, boys. I just phoned the police to come with the medical examiner. There was really no other way out. So, for cry sake, will you please lay personal matters aside while we get our stories straight?"

Sadly he looked again toward the noise and shook his head. "My best carriage-trade house," he mourned, "and it has to get a murder on its doorstep. . . ."

His eyes darted back to Diana and Dick. "You two were inside, see?" he said. "Spike came with the crowd that zeroed him, and they did it just as he got out the car. That way it's a simple matter for the examiner that doesn't concern anybody here but only some rude mobsters named Morans, who drove away before we could see them."

"Spike came to my house earlier tonight," said Dick, "to ask me to cover him, and my sister thought he was an extra man for the dance. So we took him with us—and evidently the Morans phoned a tip-off to the cops who went after him there. He'd got away and they asked questions. But unfortunately—I had left before this happened."

Gravely he looked at Diana as if begging forgiveness for that stormy moment of parting; and in the midst of her terror a great wave of happiness overcame her to see him look at her like that. It made her know surely that even now, with Guido standing there, what had happened to her and Dick outside here tonight when they had finally come together was more real than anything that was now trying to pull them apart. For he knew it too, and was signaling it to her with his eyes.

"Unfortunately—as I say—I had left by then," he repeated, looking back to skull-faced Galeffi. "So Diana here—thinking I was in a lot deeper with you fellows than I am—tried to cover me by telling Old Bill, the town policeman, that she had picked Spike up. I've got to get her out of that."

"I'm glad you realize it," said Guido.

"Thinking you were in deeper than you are," said Diana. "Oh, Dick, what do you mean?"

He smiled at her. "I've had a lot of fun in places like this," he said, "and I've taken a lot of their money. But only at the tables. It's been amusing to me at times to carry messages from Pete Galeffi here to some of his men at his other places in town. It was convenient for Pete at moments when the telephone wasn't to be trusted; and no one, Morans or police or whatever, would be likely to think of me as Galeffi's little carrier pigeon. But those messages were never more than a couple of words. I didn't know what they meant and I didn't want to know. I was enjoying myself in my own way, and I got a book out of it which was accepted last week by some unwary New York publishers. Don't worry, Pete, all the characters in it are imaginary; how imaginary, Diana, I

READING TIME
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New thrills in a tensely stirring novel of a girl and her frightened heart

didn't know until a little while ago tonight. And what a lug I was to tell you one met a better class of people here."

She couldn't close her mouth, or open it either, enough to speak coherently. "You—you wrote a book!" she stammered. "You haven't been doing th-things like Spike—you've been writing about them instead!"

Galeffi was taking the news with less pleasure. He looked at Dick severely.

"If I had known you were one of those literary guys," he said, "I would not have trusted you with even two-word messages." He looked back at Diana, his expression softening. "But you," he said—"that was a pretty smart thing to tell the cops, all right. No comeback on it if a girl just picks a man up. You don't have to know anything else about him then; you have nothing to explain, except maybe a little matter of etiquette. While Dick here would've had a lot more to explain to the cops. Yes, pretty smart." He looked at Guido. "If this is who you said she was in there just now, Ferrone, we lost something when we lost her."

"We haven't lost her," said Guido. "And we're not going to let her cover this literary playboy here, who it served him right for fooling around where he don't belong to have Spike Gillis pin his lam on him."

"Why didn't you ever tell your father?" Diana asked Dick. "All the time he thought you were doing nothing and getting into bad company!"

"Because I was," said Dick; "and he won't be very proud of a book where a man like this Ferrone is the hero—any more than I am—now!"

"You'll be a hero yourself and like it when the cops come," said Guido. "You'll tell them that you met Gillis here— Sure, Pete, we can't hide it Gillis has been here more times than tonight—and that he picked you for a sucker for his lam, see? And you didn't even know enough to know he was trying to hide from his low-brow friends by breaking into society, so you took him to the dance!"

"Dumb as I've been," said Dick, "I am unwilling to

Guido stopped jiggling the charm. "I've heard of you," he told Dick. "You'd better keep out of this or you'll get your fingers burned."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES LA SALLE

sound as dumb as all that. You'll have to let me tell my own story, Ferrone. Meanwhile I suggest we get Diana out of the way, since we agree at least that she's to be kept out of this."

At that moment the hubbub at the end of the corridor was augmented by a long piercing wail outside, which the voices in the gaming room rose to meet. As the wail drew nearer in its sharp rising unmistakable whine, a small blonde woman in a baby-blue velvet dress ran toward them from the gaming-room door.

"Ooooh—Mr. Galeffi!" she screeched. "If it's a raid, you've got to hide me! If my husband finds out I was here I'm ruined!"

Galeffi stepped forward with a professional donning of charm that reminded Diana of Dan for one sickening heartbeat before Dick and Guido drew her into Galeffi's little office. The first thing she saw there was a mirror hanging over a black lacquer desk, a mirror in which she could still see Galeffi calming his baby-blue patron as the two stood in front of that rococo mirror in the hall where she and Dick had stood. So that was why she had had that eerie feeling of being watched, before Guido had come to the threshold of Galeffi's office. . . .

There was also, on the black lacquer desk, a loud-speaking tube. Probably here, she thought, the announcements of arrival from the gate were registered and the guard instructed to open. But there was no time to notice more in the frenzy of trying to argue with Dick not to change her story and Dick refusing to listen to her.

"Take her into Pete's private room," said Dick, "until they go. I'll fix the rest."

"Do you need to tell me?" said Guido.

Opposite the desk there was a safe. Guido bent and twirled the combination and Diana said "Oh!" as the entire wall behind the safe swung out instead of the safe door. Electric lights went on with the opening of the wall, revealing inside a little room with two easy chairs of red leather and a brown day bed.

Dick took Diana in his arms and kissed her as if they were alone.

"Darling, good-by for a few minutes only," he told her. "I hate to leave you with this mug, but he can't run off with you, since there's no way out of that room except through here."

Then he walked away toward the pounding that had started at the front door.

Diana cried, "Dick!" and started after him. Guido seized her arm with a hand that went all the way around it and dragged her inside the little room and shut the wall door. Then he let her go and she sank down, trembling, into one of the red leather armchairs.

"Oh, don't worry," he said; "I'm not going to touch you. Not while you're still hot from him. No; you'll have to get over him before I'd come near you again."

In her relief she saw only the surface meaning of his words. "That's dandy, isn't it?" she said coldly. "That makes us all feel alike."

SHE hadn't remembered he looked quite so soft as, looking up at him, she caught the bulge under his chin and around the waist of his dinner coat. She thought of how hard and thin Dick had been with his arms around her.

"No! It don't make us all feel alike," Guido spoke thickly. "It won't until you leave this guy, which you have got to do within twenty-four hours; and win me back after that, which will take some longer."

"Are you crazy?" she cried. "Win you? What are you talking about? Do you think I'd be afraid to have Dick know I was Dan Kildare's daughter? Oh, I'm looking forward to telling him myself—but if you want to, go right ahead and see where it gets you!"

Because he loves me as I love him, she told herself exultantly. As I loved him in spite of anything I thought he'd done—before I knew I could be proud of him too. A book, a real book with a real publisher! She was so overcome with pride and relief and dazzlement, reliving that moment of discovery, that she forgot what she had just said to Guido, and smiled; and he lunged forward and slapped her smile.

"There," he said as she jumped up gasping, her hands across her mouth; "maybe that'll wake you out of your dream; and if that don't, this will! I've got two witnesses right now, and I can get twenty more, who will swear they saw this lily lover of yours drive up in his car and shoot Spike Gillis!"

"Now I know you've gone crazy!" she cried. "How do you think you can get away with that? Why, I was with him all the time. I—"

"Yes," said Guido, "and he's telling the cops right now how you pulled a fake alibi for him once before this evening! Why, he's a pushover for it—motive and all—Gillis making him take him to the dance looks more like blackmail than the real thing, and I can easy pin something that Gillis would be blackmailing him about, just from those two-word messages he carried for Pete. Why, I can frame that parrot in a big black border from here to Haverstraw—without even counting that his fingerprints are going to be the only ones on the body!"

She stared at him. "You couldn't," she whispered. "Why, I can say—" She stopped. Painfully she started again. "Galeffi wouldn't let you. He—"

GALEFFI?" Guido laughed. "Galeffi, who's always wanted you to come in with him just hearing what a draw you were with Dan? And you saw how he was, now he's seen you! Do you think he'd pass up a chance to get you as hostess of our night spots—as you'll be, if you can win me back? He'd think it'd be a great idea, too, to pin the killing on one of his swell customers rather than getting his place known as a cheap joint where mobsters start drilling each other!"

There was a silence in the little book-lined room. She sat down on the day bed. "What—have I got to do," she said, "so you won't do that to win?"

"I told you," said Guido. "Win me back. Because, listen, after what I saw in Galeffi's office mirror and right here in front of me, a man has got his pride. You'll have to make me feel you want me, which in your present mood will take a lot of adjusting."

O let the solid ground not faint beneath my feet.

She had read that in school recently, and here it was fainting before she had ever had time to read more lines like that. Before she had done any of the things she had dreamed she would do when she got away from Guido.

O let the solid ground not faint beneath my feet
Before that I have found what some have found so sweet.

And she had not even found that yet, save only for one moment; and Guido was going to take it all away.

"How can you!" she cried. "How can you want me when you know I love some one else? How can you ever think you'll like one moment of it?"

"You've got to make me like it," said Guido, "at the start. After that I'm not afraid. You don't belong with that stuffed shirt and his kind of life. You belong with me and this. When you've won me, and so given me a chance to win you—and no woman ever left me yet, after I got that far . . ."

She began to laugh hysterically. "So you left them all!" she gasped.

"Sure," said Guido. "Some day I'll leave you, too. You'll cry when that day comes. It might help then to remember how you laughed today—or it might not."

She laughed more wildly. "If you knew how you sounded!" she cried. "As if you believed it!"

"I do believe it," said Guido. "Except maybe you're not good enough to get that far with me. But I think you are. . . ."

He sat down in the other red leather chair and lit a cigarette. "Of course," he said, "you'll need to think of some pretty convincing way to make Norton believe you never cared for him. That's all up to you too. You have twenty-four hours to figure it out. And I don't suppose I need to tell you that if you spill a word to him about the frame I'll go ahead with it anyway."

After that, neither spoke until Dick opened the door and found them sitting like images in opposite corners of the little room. When they came out into Galeffi's office Guido said, standing in front of Galeffi's office mirror: "I'll be here all day tomorrow."

"Interesting," said Dick, "but hardly relevant."

Taking Diana out into the hall, her hand tucked under his arm, he added: "Since I don't fancy that either of us will ever be around here again."

Guido made no response. There was a silence everywhere as Dick closed the front door of Galeffi's farmhouse behind them and led Diana quickly away.

As they drove through the cold white night Dick kept on blissfully talking. "How did you ever know a man like that Ferrone? But it's all right with me, darling, because I could see you didn't like him any better than I do. Do you know that I can feel what you're feeling most of the time?"

"I—I hope not. . . . I knew Guido through my father. You see, Dick—my father was a gambler."

"Something more to make us kindred spirits! What a lot we have to learn about each other! Let's talk all night. Let's not go to bed at all."

"But I must grab some sleep, Dick. It's been a long night. I'm tired."

"Never mind. We have tomorrow. We have forever. Hell, I wish I'd fallen in love with you before I wrote the love scenes in my book. I wouldn't have been afraid to make the hero sound like such a sap! Do I sound like a sap, Diana darling, and do you love me just the same?"

"You do sound like a sap and I do—love you just the same. But now I'm too tired even to laugh. So good night, dearest, good night—and please always remember—I'll be dreaming about you long after you've stopped dreaming about me!" . . .

And waking, with last night's tears still in her eyes to the incongruous tune of Elsie's burbles.

"Diana wake up isn't it all too thrilling? Dick's picture in the paper with you heroically protecting him and everything and Dick writing a book all the time we were having such fits about him and getting engaged to you of course it was too bad my first extra man was killed but father is so happy about you and Dick you must wake up quick they're waiting downstairs!"

BUT she was all too awake, looking at the newspaper that Elsie had handed her. Dick hadn't told her what he'd said to the police.

So now she stared with aching salty eyes at Dick's picture. Headlines beneath: "Social Scion Announces Engagement After Roadhouse Murder." Then, in smaller type:

"Late last night an underworld killing of Hank "Spike" Gillis, 26, noted racketeer, assumed spectacular proportions when the Social Register stepped into the picture. Richard Norton, 22, son of Steven Norton, prominent clubman and Wall Street broker, made a sensational announcement to the police that put a different light on certain events said to have taken place at an exclusive dance in Rivington, Connecticut, earlier that evening.

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"The sensation was in Norton's denial of the fact asserted by Diana Fenmore, a pupil of Miss Hunter's fashionable finishing school who, together with other daughters of exclusive Rivington families, attended the dance at the home of Sally Trevelyan, daughter of Mrs. Barklee Trevelyan. Local police were warned by a mysterious phone call that Gillis, who was wanted for questioning on the murder of Phony Moran the night before, was attending this Social Register party incognito as one of the guests. When the police arrived, Gillis had effected his escape. An investigation of how Gillis was introduced into this exclusive gathering resulted in Miss Fenmore's declaring that she had picked the man up in a car on the main highway because she had no escort for the dance. An hour later Gillis was killed by machine-gun fire from an unidentified car as he sought to enter Galeffi's Post Road tavern.

"Galeffi, who witnessed the car's getaway from a window, expressed the opinion that Gillis had arrived in this car which is thought to have been occupied by friends of the late Phony Moran, and that they forced him to get out and opened fire on him. Norton, who was also inside at the time of the shooting, told a sensational story of Gillis's arrival at his father's home earlier in the evening, and contradicted Miss Fenmore's reported statement that she had picked Gillis up, with the declaration that she had been mistakenly trying to shield him.

"Norton explained that Miss Fenmore had not known that he had recently been frequenting night spots and making the acquaintance of men like Gillis in order to write a book which will be published by Cavil and Company in the fall. He told a straightforward story of how he was surprised when Gillis, whom he hardly knew, appeared at his home last evening for what purported to be a friendly call. However, he confessed that his sense of humor got the better of him and he was curious to see Gillis at the exclusive party to be given at the Trevelyan mansion. So he brought Gillis to the dance with his sister and Miss Fenmore, not foreseeing the complications that would result when he left the party himself and drove to Galeffi's after a lovers' quarrel with Miss Fenmore.

"'It isn't the time we'd have chosen to announce it,' said this pursued young bachelor, 'but it is nevertheless true that Miss Fenmore and I are engaged to be married.' Miss Fenmore could not be reached at Miss Hunter's School late last night." . . .

Diana threw down the paper. Elsie was bouncing all over the room and talking about things like love at first sight and reporters calling up and Sally, poor Sally, was raving. Diana started to dress with icy fingers. "You don't seem to realize," she told Elsie, "that this is murder, not marriage. Why didn't he let my story ride?"

But of course Elsie didn't know what excellent future ammunition for Guido it would be to have Dick questioned all over the front page. It was all Diana could think of, until she came down with Elsie and saw him in the music room. In front of Elsie and Steven, who was standing by the fireplace smiling, he came to her and kissed her and turned her around to smile back at Steven.

"Well, father," he said, "here's Diana Casabianca Fenmore. How do you like your new daughter-in-law?"

"I kissed her hand last night," said Steven. "May I kiss her forehead today? . . . No, Briggs, we will not come to the telephone, and we will see no reporters."

IT was, Elsie said, a wedding breakfast. Might as well be, Diana thought as she smiled at the loving faces around her and made answers at the right times—might as well be the only one I'll ever have.

It seemed funny in the midst of this to get a squawk from Lilliput. Steven had to make an exception about answering the constant purr of the telephone when Miss Hunter called. It didn't help that Dick had whitewashed Diana's attempts to whitewash him. There had to be a scapegoat for the complaints that were pouring in from those Miss Hunter's parents who did not understand the degree of freedom given the girls who visited Rivington homes for week ends. Miss Hunter had already telephoned the Van Tuyls and found both Olivette and Reg out of town. So she had demanded to speak to Steven, who came back looking white around the mouth.

"She suggested that possibly you wouldn't want to stay on at the school," he told Diana. "I agreed. I told her I'd send for your things today, that you'd be staying here for a while. I said I'd probably take Elsie out too," he added with pale satisfaction.

"Oh, no—not Elsie on account of me!" said Diana through Elsie's vociferous joy. "I'd feel worse if you did that. . . ."

But how right you are, Miss Hunter, she thought; and how wrong Steven is, we shall all know tomorrow.

"I'm sorry I must go to the office for at least part of the day," said Steven. "But Dick and Elsie will protect you from reporters and telephones." He put his hand on Dick's arm. "Wish you'd told me about your book before," he said, and went out.

The wedding breakfast was over and Dick started to make plans for the day. He would send a maid for Diana's things, he said. And he and Diana would take a long drive out into the country.

Diana couldn't look at him as she answered. She'd have to get her things at school herself, she said. Tomorrow they could take their drive in the country. Tomorrow . . . and she left the breakfast table abruptly.

Upstairs there was a telephone in a hall closet which she had remarked before, to which she went now when she felt herself to be quite alone. She called Galeffi's and asked for Guido. When the voice of George, the detail man, asked who was calling, she said:

"Tell him it's Diana Kildare."

WHEN she came outside Dick was standing by the closet.

"I thought you were downstairs," she said.

Dick came nearer and looked down at her.

"Do you remember last night?" he said. "I told you that I could always tell what you're feeling. Well—it's true, you know."

"I have to go now and get ready to get my things," she said.

He stood away from her. "That's all right," he said. "I have—business to tend to myself today."

When she came back with Elsie late in the afternoon Dick was not home. But Briggs gave Diana a florist's box saying, "This came for you, Miss Fenmore."

It was a bunch of white violets with a note in a little envelope. The note said, "White violets in February. That's what love is too, isn't it?"

"What are you crying for?" said Elsie. "Has he started staying out nights already, and is that a graceful apology?"

"Oh, no—" said Diana. "It's just—the first time I've ever seen Dick's writing."

"Mr. Norton asked me to say," said Briggs, "when the young ladies came in would they please find him in the music room with Mrs. Norton."

"Mrs. Norton! Briggs, what do you mean?" cried Elsie. "Do you mean Aunt Lila Trevelyan?"

Briggs blinked. "Mrs. Steven Norton," he said, "who chartered a plane this morning from Florida when she read the papers, Miss Elsie."

But Elsie, with a shout, was headed for the music room, and Diana, after one terrifying lurch of her heart, followed, with the bunch of white violets clasped close to where it had started feebly beating again. Nothing worse can happen to me now, it was beating.

In the music room, underneath her portrait, a lady with red hair and nervous white hands raised a lorgnette to peer at Elsie's entrance, and remarked to her husband: "Dear me, Steven! How could you let her get so bouncing? Indeed, I have been away too long!"

Steven, amazingly laughing — Steven looking more alive than Diana had ever seen him—rising and saying something that ended with, "And this is the young lady whom you want to know, Betty; this is Dick's fiancée, Miss Fenmore."

"Miss Fenmore," Mrs. Norton began. Then her smile congealed, and she dropped her lorgnette.

Of course, Diana thought mechanically, the lorgnette is just a new nervous fad; she didn't have it at the Indian Creek Club. She could see better without it, staring at Diana now. Spike Gillis had stood still for a shorter

time last night; Spike Gillis in this same room and this same situation.

But Mrs. Norton at last was putting out a fluttering white hand, was turning to Steven and Elsie. "I want to be alone with—Dick's girl—for a minute. May I?" she begged prettily. "So archaic of you, Steven, to call it fiancée!"

Steven laughed again. She had amused him, Diana thought, still mechanically, while he and Elsie went over to the piano. She had made him laugh with her vanities and absurdities. But she was grave now, turning to Diana as Elsie began to play and Steven leaned over the piano with his back to them.

"My dear," she said, "why are you as pale as those violets I hope my son had the taste to send you? You've done what I asked you to do that day at the Indian Creek Club, and I am very glad—as well as proud of what you did last night."

The pardon came too late but nice to know anyway; nice to have her smile like that. "Thank you," said Diana. "I was wondering if—when it came to your own family—you'd really still believe a person could start all over again."

"I'm going to need to believe it," said Betty Norton. "You see—I've come back to try to do that myself—if Steven will let me."

"Oh," said Diana, "I am so glad!"

Impossible not to forget herself for one moment of realizing what this would mean to Steven.

"It was the shock of reading about Dick this morning," Betty Norton spoke again, "and knowing in what trouble Steven must be, that gave me the courage to come. For so long I've wanted to and never dared! But when he was in trouble—I could always make him laugh."

"I hope you make him laugh for many years," said Diana. "I must go upstairs now."

SHE left Betty Norton strolling over to the piano and Steven turning toward her approach, "As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets the same look which she turned when he rose. . . ." Dan Kildare's favorite song; now that she could not stand her own thoughts they seemed to keep flying to quotations for shelter. Elsie had her mother back now. And she, Diana, she had had an Aunt Jane in a little New England town; and she would never see her now.

She had planned everything before she knew that she would have the luck of Dick's not being here. Elsie had thought it was queer of her to pack her things at school and then not take them, saying she'd send for them. But that way there were only her weekend things to leave here now.

Up the stairs as if she were going to her room, and then swiftly through the big mahogany hallway that she had already come to love. Past the telephone closet to the back stairs and down. Briggs in the shining white-tiled kitchen turning to her his surprised squirrelly cheeks.

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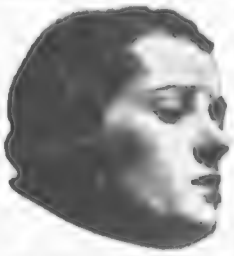

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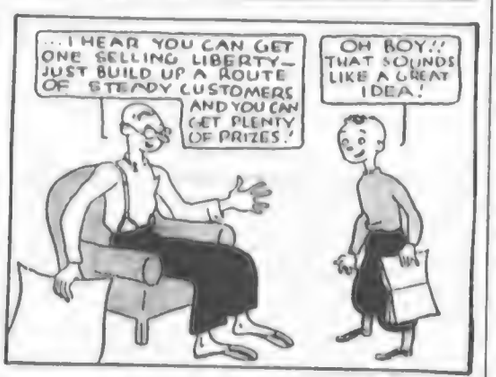
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"Will you please give this note to Mr. Dick when he comes in?"

She gave him five dollars and an envelope and brushed, past his stolid murmurs, out the kitchen door.

This was the one moment of real danger. Running down the drive to the main road, where a car was waiting for her. If Dick should happen to be coming in just now it would be the only hard time. Because—after he read that note, he wouldn't follow her.

The words that she had taken so long to write hammered at her ears as she ran, while she clutched the white violets inside her coat so they would not chill in the February air:

When you receive this letter I will have gone back to Guido Ferrone, whom I left a month ago. Thanks for the interlude—if only for teaching me that Guido is my kind of man.

Will Diana's letter, blackening her name and denying her love, mean the destruction of her happiness? Will it doom her to a sordid life as Guido's mistress? Don't miss next week's installment which brings this startling serial to a swift and surprising end.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910), founder of the Christian Science Church.

2—Yes, always—for hens "lay" their eggs while standing up.

3—First Samuel 26:20— ". . . for the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."

4—Oklahoma, with almost 100,000, whereas New Mexico has about 45,000; South Dakota, 27,400.

5—By drowning, when the Lusitania was sunk by a torpedo, May 7, 1915.

6—Eddie Cantor.

7—Dickeys.

8—Yes, twice as long; about 100 miles to 50.

9—May 30, 1868. General John A. Logan, National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, designated the day, following the suggestion of Adjutant General N. P. Chapman. It is known that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, decorated the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers on that date.

10—The cormorant or sea crow.

11—Landis, Keller, Mellon.

12—Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cauliflower, among others.

13—Usually it is the upper left-hand corner of the editorial page wherein subscription rates and other essential data appear.

14—One pound of naphthalene, paradichlorobenzene, or gum camphor to each hundred feet of closet space, according to United States government experts. The woolens must be clean; the closet tightly sealed.

15—A sonnet.

16—Deauville and Trouville.

17—Francis Scott Key's The Star-Spangled Banner.

18—Sixty-nine. He was born at London, April 10, 1868.

19—A female.

20—

Oliver Goldsmith

Adventures in HOOFING and HOMICIDE

The films rediscover the light-fantastic Astaire-Rogers feet and give you murderers by Messrs. Montgomery (!) and Rathbone

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ SHALL WE DANCE

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Jerome Cowan, Ketti Gallian, William Brisbane, Ann Shoemaker, Harriet Hoctor. Screen play by Allan Scott and Ernest Pagano from a story by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 105 minutes.

NOT, by any means, as good as Swing Time or Top Hat. You can't go on endlessly topping your previous efforts. Yet, Shall We Dance has much speed and ingenuity, smart musical numbers by George Gershwin, at least two outstanding dance novelties.

This time Astaire is a young American dancer who has achieved foreign success posing as a Russian ballet master, Petroff. He falls in love with a Yankee revue favorite appearing in Paris, tosses aside ballet contracts, pursues her back to New York, finally wins her. Of course Ginger Rogers is the revue darling, Linda Keene.

Outstanding are two numbers. One, Slap That Bass, is Astaire's solo ballet *mécanique*, done in the bowels of a great ocean liner to the rhythm of the whirling machinery and the chanting of the colored stokers. The other is a difficult novelty tap number executed by Astaire and Miss Rogers on roller skates for the hit song, Let's Call the Whole Thing Off.

Once more—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, movies' favorite dance team, in a scene from their latest.

You'll like Astaire, even when he goes classic and ballet in his steps. Miss Rogers is personable and lovely. The comedy—not any too fresh, I regret to report—is in the competent hands of Edward Everett Horton as the opera impresario and Eric Blore as a harassed hotel manager.

Shall We Dance has its faults. But what are faults when you have Astaire, Rogers, and Gershwin?

VITAL STATISTICS: Ginger Rogers was born a McMath. Had one of those whirlwind marriages with Lew Ayres, and, just as fan mags were busy printing her decided views on how to combine marriage with career, got a divorce from Lew. Despite her strenuous screen life with the capering Astaire, she manages to keep up her tennis, badminton, and bowling prestige, and only the other night gave a roller-skating party at the Culver City Rollerdrome, to which every one came, my deah, nobody falling down on her. . . . As usual, Fred Astaire worked up all the dance routines. Neither he nor Ginger had roller-skated since childhood; had not only to learn all over but get fancy at it. Spent about thirty-two hours on skates, tearing off about a hundred miles. Both actually do that terrific nose dive in the Central Park roller-skating scene, spurning doubles, consenting only to brody onto grass-covered mattresses. All Fred's dances are made in one-take, neither he nor Ginger ever misstepping, once the cameras are grinding. . . . Harriet Hoctor kept on her toes for eight hours a day twenty-eight days during this, working out some ballet dog exercising that takes only two minutes on the screen. . . . Ketti Gallian arrived in Hollywood two years ago amid thunderous press-agent kettledrums. Immediately began to wane, and has spent time in between making good all over again, trying to reach high places she used to hold in French films. Cherishes a pair of fancy cuff links Alfonso of Spain once yanked from his sleeves and handed her to remember him by. . . . Jerome Cowan's a recruit from the stage, a Hartfordian, married, a painter and pianist for diversion. . . . William Brisbane's of Hamilton, Ohio, a two-year student of Ohio State medicine, engaged to marry a social gal from the East, and is a newie from the theater. . . . They built a dry-land ferryboat, all of Central Park, and an idealized greaseless stainless engine room for this—all gadgets in the latter able to move anything but a boat.

★ ★ ★ NIGHT MUST FALL

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Dame May Whitty, Alan Marshal, Merle Tottenham, Kathleen Harrison, Matthew Boulton, Elly Malyon, E. E. Clive, Beryl Mercer, Winifred Harris. Screen play by John Van Druten from a drama by Emlyn Williams. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 114 minutes.

LIGHT comedian Robert Montgomery will surprise you in this tense horror film. Night Must Fall, which had a year's stage run in London, moderate success in New York, is a long, detailed, almost loving close-up of a murderer. Lacking in education but with delusions of grandeur, possessing a keen crafty shrewdness and a sadistic, if limited, imagination, Danny is working as a bellhop in a small English inn. Glib and having a pleasant way with him, the boy worms his way into the good graces of a widow of moderate means.

The camera never leaves Danny. You see madness under a microscope. You watch him play with the thought of murder, work it out, calmly execute it. And it isn't his first. The melodrama is tense enough, Montgomery's performance shrewd enough, for Night Must Fall to leave you pretty limp. It isn't all believable—particularly in retrospect—but your Beverly Hills defies one scene not to get you: when the elderly widow, in her lonely house, works herself into a case of hysteria. And the contents of Danny's hatbox, although never seen, offer their touch of the jitters.

You won't sleep after this. And you won't forget Mr. Montgomery's smiling Danny nor Dame May Whitty's tortured widow.

VITAL STATISTICS: Writ in 1934 by former Welsh sailor Emlyn Williams, who also played the Bob Montgomery part. Williams played the part with his native Welsh accent. Montgomery, having a touch o' the ould sod in his veins, does it in Blarney. . . . Rob Montgomery saw the play two years ago in London; returned to Hollywood begging he be allowed to play in it. Since this necessitated changing Bob from a debonair lad to a goofy chap who mixes conceit, whimsicality, dementia praecox with a dash of garden-variety mayhem, studio went into a lengthy huddle before emerging with permission. Montgomery is staking his all on this role; for years has been convinced he's been meant for more serious things than cocktail shakers and so-called light screen remarks. . . . Rozz Russell is one of seven kids who raised the old merry around their Waterbury, Con-

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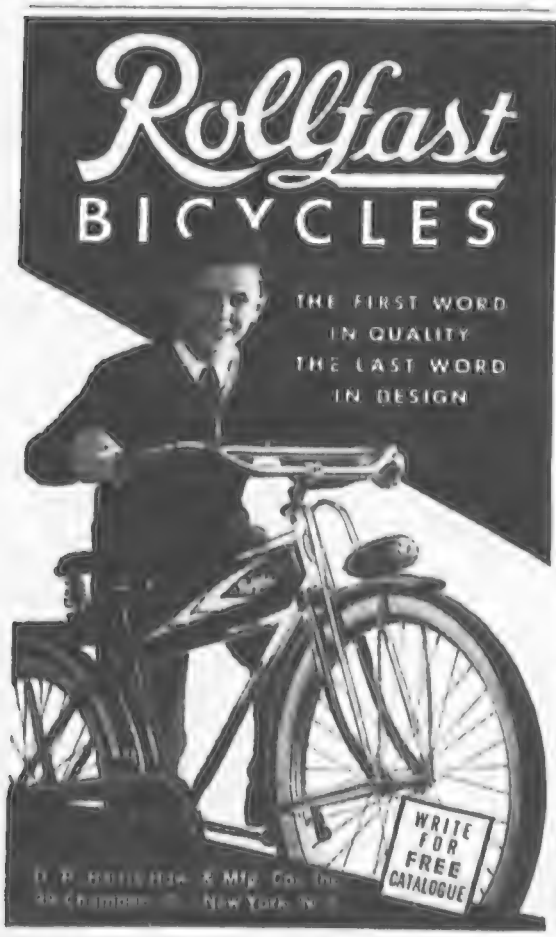

necticut, naborhood. . . . Imported Dame May Whitty is seventy-one. Was decorated Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1918 by King George V, in recognition of her war work. Has had forty years of stagery. . . . Matthew Boulton, Kathleen Harrison, and Merle Tottenham are of the London cast. . . . Despite its being but one big set, researchers dug out English authenticity for months, even down to the cabbage rows among the rosebushes, an English quaintity. Studio defies you to find a more English street, cricket field, and gable in England.

★ ★ ½ WOMAN CHASES MAN

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Charles Winninger, Erik Rhodes, Ella Logan, Leona Maricle, Broderick Crawford, Charles Halton, William Jaffrey, George Chandler. Screen play by Joseph Anthony, Manuel Seff, and David Hertz from a story by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. Directed by John Blystone. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 85 minutes.

THE goofiness in this madness runs a little thin. But your Beverly Hills may be all wrong. Who can judge goofiness?

The serious-minded millionaire son of a spendthrift old fellow who likes to finance strange things carefully guards his extravagant parent, who needs another $100,000 to swing a big real-estate development. It's that or go broke. Papa Nolan enlists the help of a pretty young architect who wants to design houses for the tract. Nolan, Jr., is adamant until he starts celebrating architect Virginia's imaginary birthday. In as cockeyed a sequence as the films have tried, the boy millionaire and the girl designer, plus an alcoholic mood which must be deplorable to Deacon Will Hays, climb a tree to confer and watch the sunrise.

The comedy has a certain freshness, shrewd twisting of old situations, a flair for zany humor. Miriam Hopkins is the earnest young architect; Joel McCrea is the intense young man with coin; Charles Winninger is the father-on-an-allowance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sixteen writers, including Dotty Parker, Alan Campbell, Eric Hatch, the Spewacks, Arthur Kober, and John V. A. Weaver, spent a year and a half vainly trying to transfer this to the screen. Five weeks before scheduled camera-turning time, writers Joe Anthony and Manny (Old Trusty) Seff were called in, decision was made to turn it into goofy farce, and the whole matter was solved. Story costs amounted to $100,000. Entire pic came to around $700,000, Mims Hopkins getting herself $70,000, Joel McCrea $30,000. . . . Joel McCrea is Hollywood's most steadily rising young actor definitely averse to stardom. He hopes to reach the top but remain at the bottom, as 'twere. Not a drinking man, he had to guess at acting drunk. Miss Hopkins' way to put on a snoutful appearance was to walk briskly about before a scene, then go into a spin on her toes for a hundred revolutions, then reel before the cameras. Says it's the same feeling as champagne and fits every purse. McCrea's good humor in this is reflection of his actual outlook on life. Year ago during These Three he sulked when it rained; when it rained outdoors throughout this he beamed because rain meant good grazing for the cattle on his 1,000-acre Moorpark Ranch and fat cattle meant good prices at cattle market. Chosen for native boy Terangi in Hurricane, McCrea begged out of part because he felt his Irish dip didn't look Polynesian in the least. Goes into Dead End instead. . . . Ella Logan is Scotch. A grand mimic from eleven years on, had many's the whipping for lampooning relatives she didn't like before her talents put her on the stage. . . . Leona Maricle believes in maricles: was movie struck from twelve years on, but never thought she'd ever get on the screen. Is married to Louis Jean Heydt, also an actor. . . . It's taken Erik Rhodes three years and ten pics to convince the fans he's no Eyetalian. Made a typed hit as an Italian in the staged Gay Divorcee. An Oklahoman, a Phi Beta Kappan, he early aspired for opera; wound up singing for his meals and in speakeasies, then climbing to the front of the stage via the male chorus, if you please. Tho he screens kinda sulky sissyish, he's the athlete, being a champ swimmer, an archer, and something of a fancy long-leaping ski jumper. . . . Chollie Winninger's paw was a bandmaster in der Owztrian Army.

★ ★ LOVE FROM A STRANGER

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone, Binnie Hale, Bruce Seton, Jean Cadell, Bryan Powley, Joan Hickson, Donald Calthrop, Eugene Leahy. Screen play by Frances Marion from the play by Frank Vosper based on a story by Agatha Christie. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by Trafalgar Films-United Artists. Running time, 77 minutes.

ANOTHER jitter jerker. Another close-up of a homicidal maniac, this time with a penchant for marrying women, getting their money, and putting them under the cellar floor. This Gerold Lovell is a suave, sophisticated fellow who talks personably of far places and remote adventure—until he expertly gets down to the sordid business at hand. Of course the big moment comes when the bride, still with illusions, comes face to face with madness rampant.

This is not entirely credible and it does seem overdrawn for horror. Although creep expert Agatha Christie wrote the original (dramatized by Frank Vosper, who disappeared mysteriously from a transatlantic liner recently) the result is none too believable. This, too, despite a skillful performance of the self-appreciative, confident madman by Basil Rathbone, a sympathetic if pallid picture of Bride No. 5 (or is it No. 7?) by Ann Harding. The rest of the cast of this English-made film are pretty bad.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was thought up, written, directed, photographed, and acted largely by Americans—otherwise it's a British-made pic. Long-legged, chatty, intellectual, precise-tongued, and an ex-long-distance runner Basil Rathbone has had a complete stage career, acting Shakespeare, absolute farce, romantic lover, devil, Pontius Pilate, and saint in his short time. . . . Army-post-raised Ann Harding considered this a honeymoon trip with new husband Werner Janssen, the harmonious stick waver. Hollywood's Golden Girl Sufferer, she holds the long-distance record for being pushed around by meanie celluloid husbands, and this is but another chance for her to wet the screen with her tears. . . . To lure Director Lee to England, Producer Schach spent $475 cabling him a 1,500-word story synopsis and plea to come and meg it. Schach was the original original Dietrich discoverer. . . . Angela Collet is grandniece to Sir John Halliday-Croom, who attended Queen Mary during birth of the present King George. . . . Bruce Seton's an Edinburgh grad, an officer in the Black Watch, a champ fencer, and husband to Tamara Desni.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse.

★★★—Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah.

Gaston B. Means—
MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

Now it can be told! The astounding inside story of Means' most bizarre exploit — the Lindbergh baby hoax

FOLLOWING the amazing story Means told Mrs. Thacker of his undercover work in the Nan Britton case came his equally astounding version of President Harding's death. So convincing was the glib-tongued archcriminal in this "confession" that Mrs. Thacker agreed to write for him the book which was to tell that "most tragic chapter in the history of the nation"—The Strange Death of President Harding. It told Means' story to the effect that Florence Harding, harassed by the illicit love of her husband for a young woman and by the impeachment rumors that were threatening destruction and disgrace, calmly poisoned him to death to save him.

Much of the material used in the book was based on the sworn testimony given by Means before a Senate committee during the investigation of Harry Daugherty. Means also promised senatorial endorsement; but about the time the book was finished he disappeared. When he did return, after the book was published and selling, he merely said: "My book will stand on its own legs."

It didn't. Proof that it was a fraud came to Mrs. Thacker in an affidavit that the sworn testimony Means had given in the Senate was perjury. Means had signed the affidavit long before the book had been written. To Mrs. Thacker he then admitted that both the Nan Britton episode and the version of Harding's death were lies. And Mrs. Thacker repudiated the book in Liberty not long after.

Headlines telling of the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby next brought Means before the public eye, and provided him with the blackest plot of his career of crime.

Julie Means, watching her husband read the headlines, told Mrs. Thacker about it a few months later. "I knew at that very moment," she said, "Bud was plotting and scheming. Planning how he could get into that Lindbergh case."

PART EIGHT—GONE WITH THE WIND: $104,000

JULIE was right.

Within an hour after he had first learned that the Lindbergh baby had been kidnaped—within fourteen hours of the kidnaping itself—Gaston Means was at work.

He contacted several rich and prominent men. He paced their offices. He blustered. He put on a show. The gist of it was this:

On a visit to New York the week before, he had, by an amazing stroke of fate, run across an old acquaintance of his prison days in Atlanta Penitentiary.

Over their drinks this ex-convict acquaintance had invited Gaston Means to participate with him and others in a sensational kidnaping. He refused, naturally. He

"The baby's all right. But I've failed you."

At right: The ransom rendezvous, Far View.

had almost forgotten the incident until he had read of the theft of the Lindbergh child and recognized the job as the crime in which he had declined to take part.

He was sure, even now, that he could re-establish contact with the ex-convict who had proposed it to him. In fact, he was confident that he knew where the baby was hidden.

It was tempting bait. Several of the wealthy men almost nibbled. But, in the canny fashion of wealthy men, they wanted a night to " sleep on it."

That was all right with Means. Equally canny, he knew that soon one of them would be unable to resist the glamorous possibility of returning the most famous baby in the world to its most famous parents.

He stayed close to his telephone the next day—March 4. He was there when the call came through.

That call, strangely enough, came from none of the men he had contacted the previous day. It came from a woman. Gaston Means, though he had not told her a word of his astounding " inside " knowledge of the Lindbergh case, had what he was seeking—a wealthy client.

By another weird twist of fate, I was the person who made that telephone call possible. It happened in this way:

Earlier that day my friend Evalyn Walsh McLean had telephoned me from Washington.

" Can you give me the telephone number of Gaston Means? " she asked.

I gave her his Chevy Chase telephone number; added a word of warning:

" Watch your step, Mrs. McLean. You know Gaston Means."

She laughed.

" I know him very well," she agreed, and then said more seriously, " but I've a hunch he can be useful to me at this moment."

It was not until Means' arrest that I discovered why she had wanted the number.

Still later I learned from the lips of Mrs. McLean herself the exact manner in which the wily Means duped her of $104,000.

She is a charming woman, this famous wealthy and socially prominent owner of the ill-fated Hope diamond. She is a gracious hostess, a frank speaker, and a loyal friend. Every one who knows her loves her.

Why should she have wanted to return the Lindbergh child to its parents?

Certainly, had she succeeded in obtaining the child and returning it to its parents, she would have scored the most sensational beat in newspaperdom for her paper, the Washington Post. Mrs. McLean is far too honest a person to assert that she was blind to that fact.

But that was not the reason which motivated her.

To find the real reason, we must go back to Washington, D. C., in the month of December and the year of 1909.

IN the bedroom of a house at 2020 Massachusetts Avenue, in a crib of gold, gift of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, lay a boy child, heir to two great American fortunes. The newspapers called the child, born a few days before, " the Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby."

The baby was Vinson Walsh McLean, first-born of Evalyn Walsh McLean.

The wide newspaper publicity of that day brought about its inevitable result. Every crackpot in the land threatened to steal that helpless child from its golden crib. Some demanded money. Others scrawled anonymous obscenity and were satisfied. Most terrifying of all were those threats which demanded nothing, but promised that at an appointed time the child would be stolen, mutilated, slain.

All of the threatening evils that crawled, loathsome, from the rotting minds of those who invented them, came to sicken her.

Her first child died at nine. But there were other children, other cranks, and other threats.

For twenty years Evalyn Walsh McLean has known the constant, gnawing dread that one day the children she loves might be snatched from her.

When the Lindbergh baby vanished from its crib, she knew well what awful, frightening things were in the souls of Charles and Anne Lindbergh.

And knowing, she wanted—sincerely—to help.

Why, then, did she choose Gaston Means—of all persons—to help her?

Though her choice was unfortunate, there was cold logic behind it. In those first few days after the kidnaping the accepted theory was that the crime had been the work of a gang allied with bootleggers. Charles Lindbergh himself had designated, to assist him, two professional members of the underworld.

MRS. McLEAN knew very well the tarnished reputation of Gaston Means. But she realized that his acquaintance with some of the biggest bootleggers in the country was genuine. Part of his Atlanta Penitentiary term had been served for conspiring to violate the Prohibition Amendment. Her system, essentially, was sound: send a crook to catch a crook.

Many months afterward, during a visit I paid her at Friendship, her eighty-acre country home near Washington, she told me the full story of what had happened.

" Do you know," I said, " I often regret having told you, that day, Gaston Means' telephone number."

She smiled.

" That's all right, Mrs. Thacker. If I hadn't got it from you I'd have dug it out of some one else."

" I read the newspaper accounts, of course. But what really did happen? "

" Well," she said, " after talking with you, I immediately called Gaston Means. ' Means, can you come to see me? ' I asked.

" ' Yes,' he answered. ' At once.'

" He did come over at once. He was standing in the drawing room when I came in, wearing his usual dimpled grin. The grin didn't fool me. Gaston Means had been called a lot of things, I knew, from a cold-blooded murderer to the most clever investigator in the country.

" I didn't care if he were both. I thought then, and I still think, that he was exactly the type of man I needed for the work at hand.

" ' Means,' I asked, ' do you know where the Lindbergh baby is? '

" He looked me squarely in the eye.

" ' I do,' he answered. Then he told me the story of the ex-convict and the kidnaping plot.

" ' Those fellows trust me, Mrs. McLean,' he said. ' You couldn't get the name of this fellow—or any of the others—from me for any amount of money.'

" ' I'm not interested in getting their names,' I told him. ' I'm interested in getting the baby back. Do you think you could do that? '

" ' I know I could,' he said. And again he looked me squarely in the eye.

" I was about to tell him bluntly, Mrs. Thacker, that I had no illusions about his character, when he himself brought up the fact.

" ' I realize, Mrs. McLean, what this means to me,' he said. ' I want to re-establish myself in society,' he continued."

I interrupted Mrs. McLean at this point:

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The most intriguing point in this chapter of Mrs. Thacker's story—at least, to any one who is sincerely interested in solving the Lindbergh kidnaping case—is the rich Mrs. McLean's statement that Gaston Means, master bad man of the detective world, told her on March 4, 1932, eight days before John Curtis' story broke in the newspapers, that the Lindbergh baby was being held captive on a boat off Norfolk, Virginia.

Did Means, who boasted of his making " damn fools " of respectable people, directly or indirectly reach the Norfolk boat maker Curtis with the story that sent Colonel Lindbergh, at the height of the investigation, off on a futile chase into Southern waters?

Or was there a real connection—Mrs. Thacker to the contrary—between Gaston Means and the real kidnapers of the world's most famous child?

Thatcher Colt, New York's celebrated fictional chief of police, has never been entirely satisfied about the summary dismissal of John Curtis' story. He asks you readers of Liberty who have read the Curtis adventure as told by Lloyd Fisher, who have read the Wendel story as since told to the federal court, what you think.

Has the Lindbergh case been solved, or hasn't it?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"Did he also say: 'I've committed my share of sins. But I've paid for them, too. I've served three long years in prison. I've wiped my slate clean. Some unjust things have been said about me. I want to vindicate myself—must make a clean comeback for the sake of my wife and my boy.'"

Evalyn McLean looked at me in wide-eyed amazement.

"Those are almost his exact words, phrase for phrase. How in heaven's name, Mrs. Thacker, did you know?"

I smiled at her. "When Means came to me—only three days after his release from Atlanta—to ask me to collaborate with him on the book that so horribly besmirched the character of Mr. and Mrs. Harding, he staged that same scene for me.

"He did it beautifully. I felt sorry to the point of tears for Gaston Means that day. And I've never forgotten that scene. That was in 1928.

"He used the identical scene some months later in the office of a patriotic society and talked himself into a job investigating Communists at $500 a week. If he gets out of prison tomorrow, he'll use it again."

Mrs. McLean nodded.

"That's true. I'll admit he did impress me with it. He was so candid about his own past. And the fact that he brought it up before I could . . . well, it did impress me.

"Naturally, I had no intention of turning over $100,000 ransom without trying to make sure that he was my man. So I asked him again:

"'Means, can you get the Lindbergh baby? Do you truly know where it is?'

"He swore he did. He told me:

"'The gang—there are about six of them—have the baby hidden on a boat off Norfolk. They've dyed its skin, dyed and curled its hair, and even used a harmless liquid to change the child's eyes from blue to brown.'"

Mrs. McLean paused, looked across at me.

REMEMBER, Mrs. Thacker, that he told me this the night of March 4. It was the same story that John Curtis, the shipbuilder, told—that the baby was being held on a boat near Norfolk. Yet not a word of Curtis' story appeared in the newspapers until eight days after my talk with Means. How do you explain that?"

"I don't see how it can be explained," I said.

"He told another thing that certainly seemed to be knowledge he could not possibly have unless he actually were in touch with the real kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby. Here is how it happened:

"Means suggested—it was his suggestion, mind you—that the gang might be more willing to accept me as the person to ransom the child if a Catholic priest were obtained as the person to whom to deliver the baby.

"I said that I could arrange that, but that I would not go ahead with any actual steps until I had obtained the approval of Colonel Lindbergh himself.

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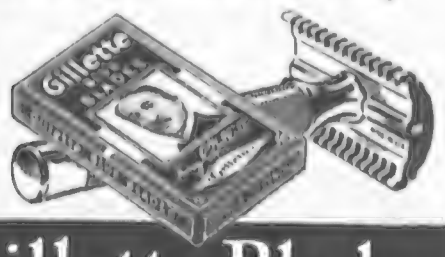

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"'Do you know any one,' he asked, 'who knows Lindbergh?'

"I did—Captain Emery Land of the United States Navy, a friend and distant relative of Colonel Lindbergh.

"We met at my home for a conference the following evening: Captain Land, Father Francis Hurney, Means, and myself. Captain Land agreed to drive to Hopewell, confer with Colonel Lindbergh, and obtain, if possible, his permission for us to attempt to recover the baby.

"Gaston Means told Captain Land:

"'When you see the Colonel, I want you to give him a message that will convince him that he is dealing with the proper gang. Tell him that the gang realizes that the description of the baby's sleeping suit, released by state troopers to the newspapers, is an incorrect description.'

"And, Mrs. Thacker," Evalyn McLean told me, "what Gaston Means said was true. The newspapers had been given—and had published—an erroneous description of the baby's sleeping suit.

"How can we possibly account for the fact that Gaston Means knew this?"

"Perhaps," I hazarded, "with his knowledge of detective work, he guessed that the wrong description of that sleeping suit had been a ruse on the part of the state troopers."

Evalyn McLean nodded.

"That's the only conclusion that fits—Gaston Means made a shrewd guess.

"But you can imagine how it impressed all of us when Captain Land returned from Hopewell and told us that Colonel Lindbergh himself had said that our lead looked good. From that moment on, Gaston Means had sold himself to all of us, and I know that I was so tremendously excited by the thought of recovering the baby that I trusted him unquestioningly.

"By placing a short-term mortgage on a block of my Washington property, I raised $100,000 in cash. It was in bills ranging from twenty- to one-hundred-dollar denominations. It was delivered to my home and kept hidden in the piano for several days. Means showed no anxiety to get his hands on it. In fact, he scarcely mentioned it during our conferences. I had agreed to pay him $4,000 for his own expenses.

MEANS wanted a secluded place where the child might be delivered to us. I checked over a list of my properties with him, and he selected Far View. It is at Bradley Hills, Maryland, just a short drive from Washington. At the time it was shuttered and deserted. It used to be my mother's home.

"Means and I drove out to Far View. He inspected the entire place carefully, muffled the bell of the telephone—which was still connected—and finally agreed that it would make an ideal place for our purpose.

"By that time he had assigned numbers to all of us, to be used in place of our names, for safety's sake. I was Number 11, Father Hurney was Number 12, Captain Land was Number 14. Means insisted that we refer to him simply as Hogan.

"On the night of November 7 we turned the money over to him. It was in a brown cardboard box. He left the house with it around midnight. At two o'clock in the morning the doorbell rang. It was Means.

"'I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour, but I've good news. The Fox—he's the leader of the gang—is at my home now. Trailed me from here. I've shown him the money, let him count it. He's inspected it and knows that it's not marked. He knows we're doing our part and he's quite satisfied.

"'There's not a reason in the world, now, why you won't have the baby within three days. I've let the Fox understand, of course, that he'll not get a nickel of that money until the baby actually is in your arms. I couldn't resist coming over here, late as it is, to tell you how nicely things are progressing.'"

Mrs. McLean halted her account, smiled at me wanly.

YOU'LL never know, Mrs. Thacker, how excited I was that night. Only a few days to wait—then the baby would be delivered!

"It was so reassuring, too, to realize that, only a few hours after he'd left the house with my $104,000, Gaston Means had come back there to report.

"I suppose he intended that little business to be reassuring."

"Yes," I agreed as my own thoughts sought to understand the jubilation that Means must have felt that night. He'd made good a promise of years' standing—to get the money he felt Ned McLean owed him.

"He kept in constant touch with me, in fact," Mrs. McLean continued. "He called me the next day to tell me that he was going to Norfolk to make final arrangements. When he called me from there he was quite excited.

"'Go at once to the place that we decided upon, Number 11,' he told me. 'The package will be coming through at any time.'

"The package was the baby. I was nearly beside myself with excitement. I called Father Hurney and Captain Land. We hurried out to Far View. We had been there about an hour when the muffled noise of the telephone bell sounded. I grabbed the telephone. Means' voice came over the wire:

"'This is Hogan,' he said. 'Things are going nicely, very nicely. Be ready. We will be through by midnight.'"

Again Evalyn McLean paused. One of her hands made a little gesture.

"I think," she said simply, "that that must have been the happiest moment of my life.

"That call from Gaston Means had come through about noon. We had twelve hours to wait. I thought it would never grow dark. When it did, it was worse. We had promised him not to have a light in the place. We were even afraid to smoke. It was

very chilly—and of course we couldn't use the fireplace.

"We just huddled there, talking quietly, unable to see each other. About ten o'clock the phone rang. It was Means again.

"'Number 11? This is Hogan. I've good news. We're within fifty miles of you. We have the package. We'll be there in two hours.'

"Means had arranged with us to signal if everything had turned out all right. The signal consisted of three separate series of twenty-one taps each against a window of the house.

"Captain Land had a watch with a radium dial. If the three series of twenty-one taps were given without an interval of more than five minutes between the series, we were to go to the rear door of the house and open it.

"It was nearly midnight when we heard a car pull into the driveway at Far View. Its lights switched off as it entered. We heard it stop, heard its motor die. Footsteps crunched through the snow.

"Then we heard the first of the taps against the window. With our eyes glued to Captain Land's watch, we counted. After the twenty-first tap there was silence. We waited for the second series. Two minutes. Three minutes. Four!

"I was sure something had gone wrong. Then it began. Tap . . . tap . . . tap. We counted the second series. Twenty-one taps. We waited for the third, the final series. Four minutes passed. Then five—six—seven . . .

"Something *had* gone wrong. We heard the car pulling away.

"Half an hour later—for the second time—a car, lights out, pulled close to the house. Footsteps squeaked in the snow. The tapping against the window began again.

"I thought the first series would never stop; the second never commence. Between the second and third series I glued my eyes to the dial of Captain Land's watch until the thing swam before my eyes.

"Then the third series started. One. Two. Three . . . on and on . . . sixteen . . . seventeen . . . There was a pause—perhaps I imagined it—and I nearly screamed. Then it continued: eighteen—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one.

WE rushed, stumbling through the darkness, to the back door—threw it open. We saw the silhouette of a big, portly man holding a suitcase. He did not enter. He said—and it was Means' voice:

"'Father, you and Captain remain here. Number 11, you come with me—at once. You will be back in two hours. Hurry!'

"I ran back to the living room, found my coat, rushed out to join Means.

"'What is it?' I demanded. 'What's wrong?'

"'Please,' he said, 'do not talk until we reach my home.'

"Nor would he talk. When we reached his Chevy Chase home, he led the way upstairs to his study. He switched on lights, put down the suitcase he was carrying, and slumped down into a chair. He reached for a bottle of whisky with one hand and used the other to rub his brow. He looked so utterly shaken and beaten that I felt panic.

"'In heaven's name, Means, what's wrong? Has anything happened to the baby?'

"'The baby's all right,' he said hoarsely.

"A second possibility occurred to me.

"'You paid the money and didn't get the baby?'

"He pointed to the suitcase.

"'Open that!'

"I opened it, puzzled. There were the stacks of money I'd given him a few nights before.

"'What's happened?' I demanded. 'What's wrong?'

"'I've failed you,' he said. 'We were on our way to Far View in three cars, the baby in the middle car. I was leading. At the Maryland line I saw cops—a whole damned flock of them. I signaled the Fox. They turned around. I came through alone. I don't know where they are. But I've failed you.'

"He buried his head in his hands and, honestly, Mrs. Thacker, I thought he was going to cry. Believe it or not, I felt sorry for the man.

"'Don't take it so hard, Means,' I told him. 'The

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baby's safe; we still have the money. We've waited this long, I guess we can wait a little longer.'

"All we did from then on was wait. Oh, Means kept things active enough. First of all, he reported that he'd re-established contact with the gang and that they were a bit suspicious of Captain Land and Father Hurney. Both of those fine gentlemen offered to withdraw. Means thundered objections—but let them withdraw.

"I spent the next ten days—and lightless, heatless nights—at Far View, with a maid and Tony Garfoni, my butler. Means had gone to Norfolk, he said, to re-establish contact. He phoned me each day. He was having trouble. The gang members were fighting among themselves, and the Fox suspected Means of having led him into a police trap that night on the Maryland line.

"Means reappeared at Far View late Sunday afternoon, March 20. He had something new to propose—and logical reasons to support it. He felt, now, that Far View was not the proper place for delivery of the child.

"'There's too much police activity in this section of the country. After that first narrow squeak, the Fox is suspicious. He thinks some section of the South—probably Miami—would be a better place.'

IT occurred to me then, Mrs. Thacker, that I had a country house and cottage at Aiken, South Carolina, and that there might be an excellent place to deliver the child. I told Means. He agreed. He pretended to contact members of the gang. They approved.

"I went there the next day. Garfoni went with me, and a personal maid, and, since my nerves were in pretty bad shape by now from all this tension, a trained nurse, Elizabeth Nelson. We put up at the large house.

"The next day Means arrived.

"It was there," Mrs. McLean continued—"we'd hardly installed ourselves—that I met the Fox. The Fox! There was a horrible-looking fellow, Mrs. Thacker. Maybe he really isn't at all; but Gaston Means had me so hypnotized with stories of the Fox's cold-bloodedness that, when I did see him, he certainly looked the part of a gang leader. He was suspicious, thought we were trying to trap him. Means finally talked him out of his belief, and, to show good faith, I signed a note authorizing Gaston Means to turn over to the Fox—he used the name of Neil Williams—the $100,000 that was in Means' custody.

"The newspapers by now were printing stories of the fruitless expeditions made to Norfolk and its adjoining waters by Colonel Lindbergh and investigators acting on the false John Hughes Curtis tip. These stories of another hoax only served to convince me more strongly that I was on the right track.

"Means now brought me the depressing word that the gang with which we were dealing had split. Part of the gang, he said, still held the baby; the others, without the child, were opening negotiations with the Lindberghs for payment of the ransom. But Means told me not to worry, that we still would get the child.

"The next day the Fox telephoned. He left instructions. We were to go to El Paso, Texas. I was to go to the Paso del Norte Hotel with Miss Nelson. I was to register under the name of Mrs. Henry Kane and secretary, of Wilmington, Delaware. We were to be there not later than March 28—a Monday. I didn't like it at all. But Means explained that Curtis' story had raised such a furor that there no longer was a safe hide-out for the child in the entire United States. The gang was taking the child to Mexico."

Again Evalyn McLean paused to look up at me.

"You know, Mrs. Thacker, all he had to do was to mention that baby and I was ready to do anything he said. I told Gaston Means that I would go to El Paso. I arrived there on the morning of March 28, and registered, with Miss Nelson, as instructed. Means had registered there the day previously as Frank Hogan of New York. It was prearranged that I go directly to my room at the Paso del Norte and remain there until Means got in touch with me.

"I was there all day. No word from Gaston Means. Night came. Ten o'clock. Still no word. At eleven o'clock the phone rang.

"'This is Hogan,' he said. 'There's been a very impor-

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tant development. Hurry, at once, to the Clifton Hotel. Come alone.'

"I wondered if they had the baby. I put on street clothes. I told Miss Nelson that I was going to the Clifton Hotel.

"'Alone?' she asked.

"'Alone,' I replied. I felt very gay. 'I'd go to the north pole alone to get that baby,' I said, and sailed out.

"I reached the street, climbed into a cab, said: 'Clifton Hotel!' The cab started, sliding me into a dark corner of the slippery seat. And suddenly I didn't feel gay at all.

"Here I was, alone in a strange city, starting out by myself on a midnight expedition. I hardly knew where I was going and I most certainly didn't know why I was going.

"Even if Gaston Means were dependable and truthful, I still had no grounds for feeling easy. How about the Fox? How about other members of the kidnap gang?

"I realized, vaguely, that we were near the Mexican border—and that I might be a pretty good object of ransom, myself, for kidnapers.

"I began to wish I hadn't come on this fool's errand.

"And then I realized that we were being trailed.

"I looked back. It was a dark-colored touring car, and when it neared a street light I saw two men in the front seat. I couldn't tell about their faces.

"'Driver,' I said, 'pull over to the right and slow down for a block. Go slowly as you can.'

"He said, 'Yes, ma'am,' and pulled the cab over and idled along. I looked out the left window, waiting for that touring car to go by. Other cars did. It didn't.

"'I want you to do what I say,' I told the driver. 'Don't ask questions. I'll pay any fines, and there's ten dollars in it for you.'

"'O. K., lady. What do you want me to do?'

"'Pick up a little speed. The first chance you get, make a complete turn—a U turn.'

"He drove until he reached the middle of the next block. Then he swung the cab around in a hairpin turn that almost slid me onto the floor. He was in the middle of the turn when he called back over his shoulder to me:

"'What do I do now, lady?'

"I told him the way I thought he'd understand it quickest:

"'Go like hell!'"

Was the clever hand of Means behind this new danger? Was it another of his dramatic, convincing tricks in the vicious hoax? Don't miss reading of the startling circumstances that led to his unmasking—also, of what presumably happened to the missing $104,000—both told in next week's concluding installment.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ **OLD WINE** (a new edition) by Phyllis Bottome. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The colorful and lovable old Austrian aristocracy try to find salvation in postwar Vienna. A gorgeously characterized and truly moving novel.

★ ★ ½ **THE INCREDIBLE MESSIAH** by Robert Allerton Parker. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication issued by Little, Brown & Company.

A sound and scholarly explanation of the phenomenon that is Father Divine, and an eye-opening examination into conditions under Harlem's gaudy surface.

★ ★ **THE CRUISE OF THE BOUNCING BETSY** by J. N. Darling. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Ding," cartoonist and humorist, becomes trailerist with amusing success.

★ **OF LUNAR KINGDOMS** by Henry Lovejoy Wilson. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

A fantastic interpretation of life and politics, satirizing divers Utopias, which sparkles but leaves us cold.

Hot Sun and Cold Showers can ruin your Hair!

Protect yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

A LOT of long drives and canny chip-shots may tempt you to forget that while golf is great for your body and your spirits, it can be, and often is, hard on your hair.

For the combination of a blazing summer sun and a wet shower afterward is a pretty stern regime. First, the sun bakes, then the water drenches, and your hair is robbed of its natural oils and dries out brittle and unruly.

That's why your hair needs Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Apply Vitalis briskly to your scalp. Feel the fine tingle as circulation increases. Your scalp feels awake—alive. And the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Your hair has a healthy, handsome look—it's easy to comb—there's no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

So enjoy your golf and your tennis, your fishing and your swim—but protect your hair, enhance its good looks with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

1 **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair has a chance!

2 **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

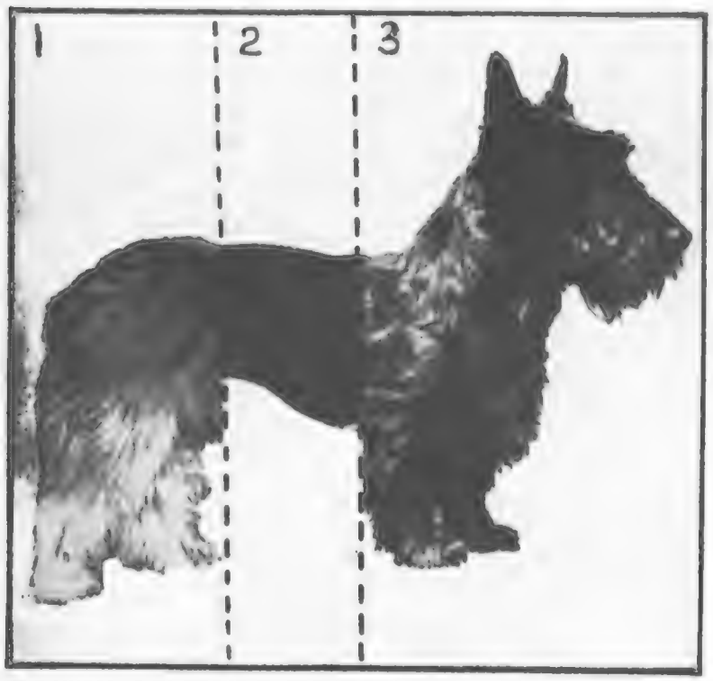
WANTED! MASTERS FOR

LIBERTY INVITES YOU TO WIN A FAITHFUL FRIEND AND PLAYMATE IN THIS NEW CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT!

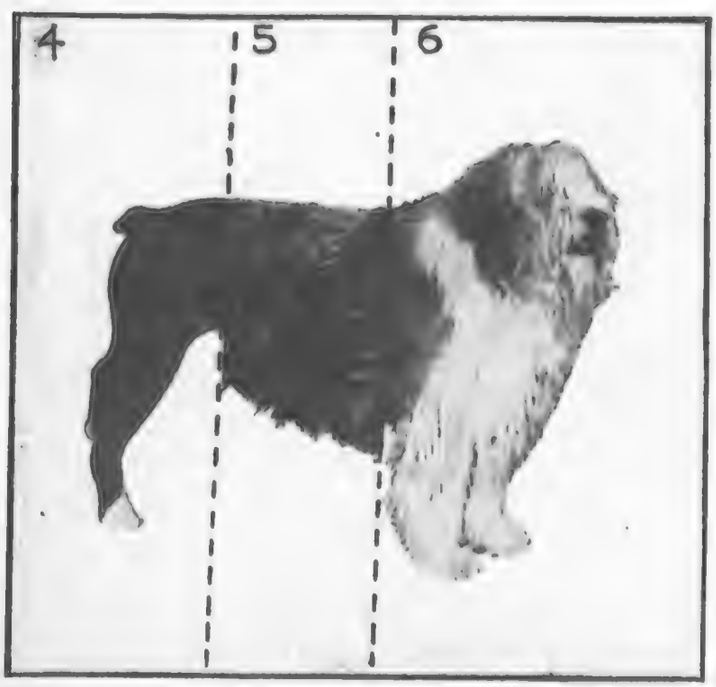
A THOROUGHBRED dog for a pet and companion! Who has not dreamed of owning such a loyal friend? Now here is your opportunity to get one—as a prize. Pedigreed dogs are expensive, but through this contest Liberty makes it possible for you to become a proud owner without buying. If you are one of the winners, Liberty will ship to you, prepaid, direct from the kennels, one of the twenty-five prize dogs for which we seek masters.

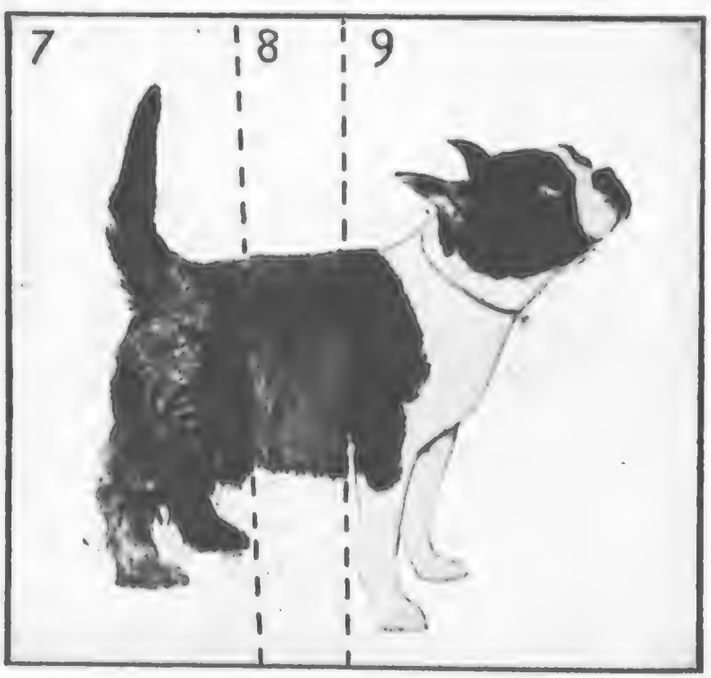
Your chance to win is excellent! If you can identify the popular breeds of dogs represented in the composite pictures on this page, you will be well on your way toward a winning entry. The rules explain how to win. Study them before you cut the composites apart so that you will make no mistakes as you proceed. Then solve the composites and make your identifications. Do not send in any solutions until your set of thirty is complete at the end of the contest. This is important. Solutions mailed separately or incomplete sets will not be considered by the judges.



TO AID YOU IN STARTING YOUR ENTRY

As an aid to those who did not get started last week Liberty has reproduced the first three composites which were published in that issue. Thus, although the competition has been under way for a week, you can start right now without being handicapped by the delay. No one who appreciates a good dog can afford to neglect this opportunity to own one. Think how proud you would be to roam about with a thoroughbred at your side. Imagine the satisfaction of being welcomed home from work by a joyous four-footed champion. Can't you just picture the admiration and envy of your friends? If there are youngsters in your home, consider their happiness in romping with a gentle but fearless playmate! Liberty's contest makes these things possible for you.





25 PEDIGREED DOGS!

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE VARIOUS BREEDS
YOUR IDENTIFICATIONS MAY BE AMONG THE BEST

WIN A THOROUGHBRED PET!

THE composite pictures on this page comprise the second set in this contest. The first set appears on the opposite page, reproduced from last week for your convenience in the event that you did not get started on time. If you are at all familiar with the popular breeds, you should have little difficulty in identifying these fine specimens after you have solved the composites. Three more composites will be published in each of the next eight issues of Liberty. Keep your entry up to date by solving and identifying them each week. If you are in doubt about any of them, your public library undoubtedly has ample reference material to aid you. Be sure to watch for the third set of pictures next week.

YOUR ENTRY MUST FOLLOW THESE EASY, SIMPLE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.

2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.

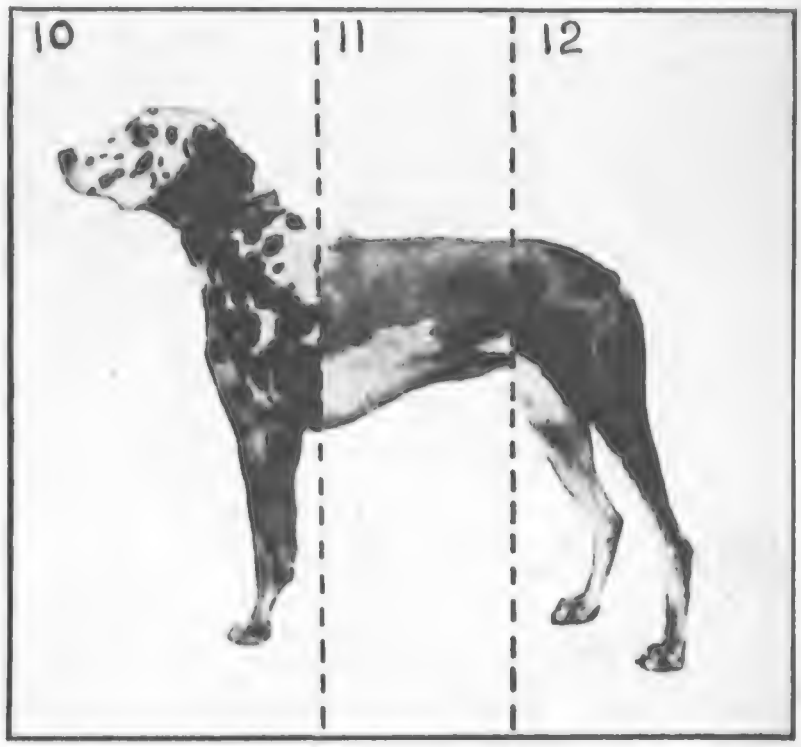
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.

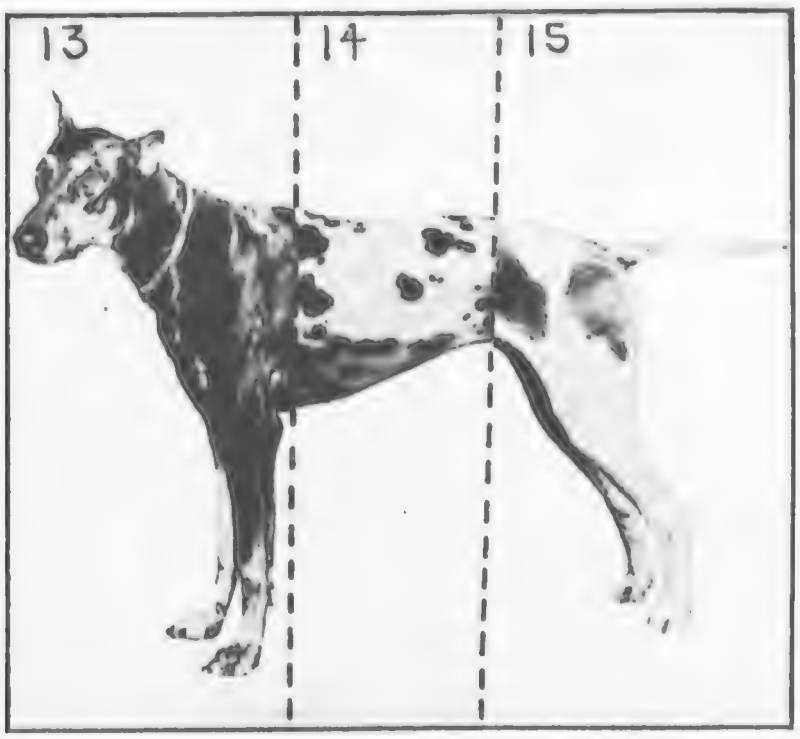
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.

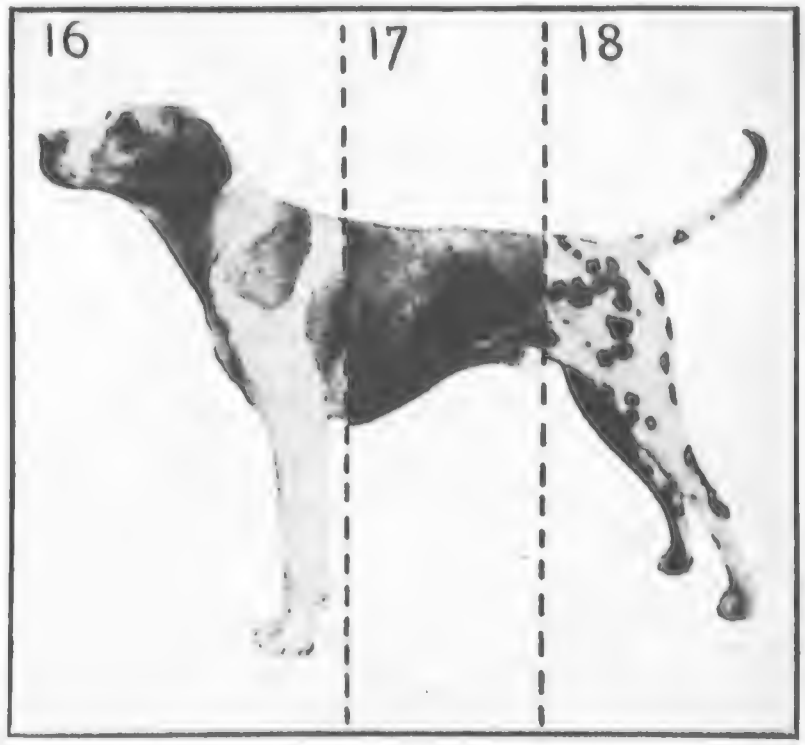
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.

6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.







Vox Pop

Civil Service School Courses and Uncle Sam

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That letter published in April 17 Vox Pop concerning the Civil Service job racket deserves every consideration.

I have been carefully following all examination announcements issued by the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for the past eight years, as well as making personal inquiries concerning the service by direct contact with the commission, and in my opinion it is practically impossible to prepare a student for the majority of positions announced, due to the fact that the contents of all examinations are a government secret and no Civil Service school is in any better position to predict the contents of these examinations than you or I.

Moreover, practically every position requires special qualifications as to physical condition, education, and actual full-time paid experience, and although the student may be up to the mark, as far as knowledge is concerned, he may be eliminated due to lack of these qualifications.

A review of knowledge previously obtained by the applicant may be of some value. However, my advice to any one interested in Civil Service employment is to first secure an examination announcement from the commission by writing and at no cost.

If you happen to be one of the many suckers who have been promised a position in the Civil Service by a school or representative, you should realize that, if securing a position were so easy, the agent would be working for the government instead of peddling correspondence courses.

According to the latest statistics, there are at present 831,095 civil employees in the executive branch of the United States government. From June 30, 1936, to December 31, 1936, there was an increase of 3,224 men and 3,612 women; and when you consider the fact that this increase is above the average, and also the many thousands who have participated in various exams throughout the country, you can readily see that your chances are slim and no one is in a position to prophesy employment in the government.

The United States Civil Service Commission issues a leaflet on Civil Service correspondence schools for those interested in taking a "course," and I advise them to send for it first.—*A Government Employee.*

HOW DO YOU EGG A HEN?

STATE SANATORIUM, ARK.—Just read Edward Doherty's appalling article Marriage Begins at Nine (April 24 Liberty). Very splendidly written, but he used a phrase that is entirely new to me. He speaks of the east Tennessee mountain women doing chores, such as getting meals, *egging the hens*, milking the cow, etc.

We all know how a cow is milked, but just how do you "egg a hen"? I'm anxious to know how it is done. Do you hold the hen and squeeze her, or how?—*Lewis E. Donnell.*

TOO FREQUENT GIRL

OSLO, NORWAY—How does Liberty, in reference to the cover especially, strike the "uninitiated" in Norway? That either it must be a magazine of "uncollege" humor or a theatrical magazine. Too frequent girl! Too much of her! We here Northies are not so keen on such large expanse of *leg*. Perhaps it is the climate; perhaps we see so much leg et al. on the beaches in the summer. We "no like."

Why not reproduce a splendid winter scene? No! Not a snowball fight between two boys or the old man who gets his hat knocked off, but a landscape of unforgettable beauty—one so lovely we would like to frame it—a cover which would befit Bernarr Macfadden's editorials, which reveal the gifted and human mind.—*Lee Nord.*

FRANCOIS VILLON'S END

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—During the past year Mr. Erskine has contributed a number of short stories predicated on the life of François Villon. This Villon has interested many as a great lyric poet.

During the past ten years I have read a number of biographies concerning François Villon: his activities, love affairs, knavery, etc. No one writer is confirmed with regard to how Villon died or where he is buried. Some writers claim that he was hanged; others contend that he was not hanged but died in some province of France near or far from his beloved Paris.

Can the editors of Liberty or some reader of Liberty enlighten me as to just how Villon died, where he died, and where he is buried?

I would be very glad indeed to learn if there is any authentic record pertaining to Villon's death and burial place.—*J. J. Loweman.*

[John Erskine says: There is no evidence as to when, where, or how François Villon died. Earlier biographers satisfied their moral sense by supposing he came to a bad end very early. Others were impressed by the fact that Rabelais, who may have had access to information lost to us, represents him as living on in apparent prosperity in Saint-Maixent, south of Poitiers.

In my stories I am following this more modern guess about him.]

SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, TED SHANE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—
Once upon a midnight hazy, as I pondered, almost crazy,
Over a quaint and screwy puzzle from *Shane's unknown store,*
As my tired head went reeling, suddenly I had a feeling that a voice came appealing—
Appealing at my chamber door.

"'Tis," I said, "some neighbor pleading for this Liberty I'm reading, and the Vox Pop page he's needing;
This it is and nothing more."
Here I opened up the portal, and I met a white-clad mortal, who said, "I am Dr. Whortle,
And it's you that I've come for."

Then amid my verbal racket he unwrapped a little packet that contained a madhouse jacket,
Which he dropped upon the floor.
"Sir," said he, "we have a haven where you can go right on slavin' with your non compos ravin';
And it has a padded door."

Now distinctly I remember it was late in last December when they made of me a member
Of this bughouse where I do Shane's puzzles o'er.
But I have but one regret, for the word I couldn't get, it's the word I can't forget;
For they told me it was "Nevermore."

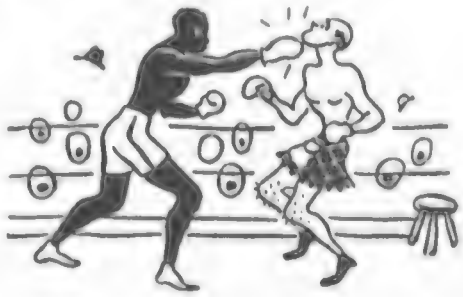
—*James Madden.*

"IN THIS CORNER—"

YONKERS, N. Y.—In April 10 Twenty Questions No. 20 asked: "Which Australian-born pugilist was heavyweight, light-heavyweight, and middleweight champion simultaneously?" The answer was: "Robert Fitzsimmons."

I wish to state that the answer is wrong. Robert Fitzsimmons was born in Helston, Cornwall, England.—*James Greenwood.*

[The correspondent is correct. Bob Fitzsimmons was born in England. The fact that he became Australian middleweight champion caused a lull in our consciousness.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]



OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—In his letter in May 1 Vox Pop, Wayne Lovelace states that Jack Johnson knocked out Bobby Burns for the world's heavyweight title. He states that any boxing record will support his statement.

If Mr. Lovelace consults any boxing record I am sure that he will find that the fighter mentioned was Tommy Burns. —*Edwin F. Bacon.*

[How we do spot the motes in our brother's eye! And to those who criticized our Twenty

Questions Editor's answer to his original Jeffries query (March 20 Liberty) we wish to refer them to Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book, which states:

"Jack Johnson won technical championship by stopping Burns in 14 rounds. *Won actual title* by knocking out Jim Jeffries in Reno, July 4, 1910, in 15 rounds."—Vox Pop Editor.]

A SAILOR IS BURNED UP

DUBUQUE, IA.—May 1 Liberty had an article by Irene Kuhn entitled Undress Parade. I want to call attention to a sentence saying that "burlesque was the poor man's show . . . the prime entertainment of the sailor, the drifter, the panhandler, and the bum."

Where does she get that stuff of combining the sailor with those other people? As a sailor myself, it simply burns me up.

I've always noticed that when a statement like that pops up, the author of the article or story is usually a woman. Shows what little women, as authors,

know about living conditions in their own United States Navy.

I can truthfully say that the whole United States Navy stands by me in my objection to this outrageous sentence. —*Clifford H. Gere.*

THE TITLE IS ENOUGH FOR HIM!

CLIFTON, N. C.—As a subscriber I wish to protest that I am not getting my money's worth when you publish fiction on such a subject as Discretion Be Damned. I have not read a single word of this story because of the subject.

You are defrauding me out of my money by publishing such rot.

I always thought that *discretion* was a fine trait of character and not something to be damned.—*C. S. Eastridge.*

HOW WOULD MR. LEWIS HANDLE IT?

MARION, KAN.—Almost everything has been tried and almost everything has been suggested to end the sit-down strikes. Here is one more suggestion—a good one, I think.

Suppose a dozen or so of the owners of some of the plants wherein the strikes occur should go to the home of Mr. John L. Lewis, enter, and sit down until the strikes are ended? You might give the idea some publicity. Some one might try it. It would be interesting, to say the least.—*R. K. Myers.*

LIMIT OF GULLIBILITY

GREENFIELD, MASS. — Ed Sullivan's Comers in the May 1 Liberty praised the much photographed Mr. Lodge "Jr." of Massachusetts quite past the limit of *my gullibility.*

Democratic Charlie Hurley won the gubernatorial contest in the state by his record of honest administration. Jim Curley was drubbed for his record. It is universally believed here that any man of good repute could have defeated him. Lodge happened to be the lucky man.

As for Mr. Lodge's power to lead the G. O. P. out of its "wilderness," it seems doubtful that the man behind the "frozen mask" can even fill the "late" John Hamilton's shoes.

Let's watch the headlines of 1938.—*Butch.*

HE SPURS US ON

WILMINGTON, CALIF.—During the late war, officers were running around Washington with spurs on their boots. Somebody asked Joe Cannon how come? His answer was, to keep their feet from slipping off the desk. Have *you* spurs on your shoes?

Give us some sport news. What about golf? The right kind of clubs to use, how to use them, and so on. Get the lead out of your pants.

Were you ever a boy? What is the matter with all the sports? Or are you going to write love stories all your life for old maids?

I am sixty-one years old, but you must be a hundred. The only thing in Liberty that is any good is what Bernarr Macfadden writes. He knows what he is writing about.—*Harry C. Wood.*

"HARDTACK"

"Less noise down there—I have a double-header to pitch today."

DI MAGGIO CHEATS HIMSELF AT ARITHMETIC

TAMAQUA, PA.—I've just read the article, I Crash the Majors, by Joe Di Maggio (May 1 Liberty), and I've come to the conclusion that Joe knows more about baseball than he does about arithmetic.

He says that he collected three hits out of five trips to the plate for a .500 per-

centage for the day. Allow me to point out that, through the simple process of division, he should have a percentage of .600. Anyhow, he's a swell ballplayer.—*W. Vathis.*

VIKINGS INVENTED CARDS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—For the attention of Mr. Fleece (April 3 Vox Pop): The deck of playing cards was created by the Norse vikings, and taken to France and other countries by them. It was created after the Norwegian game of *tan* (teeth).—*Peter Andrea.*

SAM PEPYS USED "DIDS" FIRST

CHICAGO, ILL.—Sometimes I wonder if some people ever look at the inside of a book. I suggest that Miss J. A. Frazier (April 24 Vox Pop) take a look at the Diary of Samuel Pepys, of which Mr. Dunkle's Diary is an obvious parody. I know of no more clever way to parody Pepys than by using too many "dids," and believe Norman Anthony deserves all credit.—*John Davis.*

STAYS SINGLE TO LOVE EVERY ONE

FREMONT-ON-THE-RAWHIDE, NEB.—Sometimes I go to my humble domicile at night with a lonesome heart—but when I get submerged in Vox Pop and Liberty's love stories I'm regenerated and made into a boy again. Yeah, I commence to think that I'd like to be in love. But the Bible says "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, in heaven," and I guess I'll stay in heaven by remaining single, so that I can love every one.

A heart full of affection and gratitude to Bernarr Macfadden for the many happy hours that Liberty brings to me. Wonder if you know how many folks you have cheered up with your love stories and foolishness.—*Clarence Reckmeyer.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

GOSHEN, N.Y.—Mike Charne, who aspired to citizenship, was given six more months to study American government. In naturalization court, Charne was asked, "What is the American government?"

He replied quickly, "President Roosevelt."

CHICAGO, ILL.—Emil Spaiser demanded a warrant against his brother Otto because Otto took up too much of the bed at night and resisted violently when Emil objected. Police, unable to issue the warrant, promised to reason with Otto.

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—John Finnegan, arraigned before Police Judge Norman Brundage, charged with failing to heed a police siren, explained that he had been listening to a crime broadcast on the radio in his car and thought that the siren he heard was part of the program.

The charge was dismissed.

DANBURY, CONN.— Fred Scharnweber has established a dogs' rest room in connection with his filling station. It is equipped with an imitation fire hydrant.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a Tennessee jewelry store:

"*Our diamonds have the same purity, the same weight, and the same sparkle as the genuine article, and in order to make the imitation perfect, we sell them for exactly the same price.*"

Sign on a North Dakota photographer's studio:

"*Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for $8.79.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

EXPORTS

I think we got enough on the govt payroll right now. We better try some folks that dont know nothin for a change.
—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ELLEN SEGNER

FAMILY SCANDAL by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

The lure of love—the glitter of gold—a glamorous night at sea!
A woman, black-eyed, raven-haired, burning with the bitter ambition of the tenement-born. A man, the handsome, carefree son of society and wealth. A nurse, redheaded and beautiful, carrying in her heart the tender love of girlhood for the man of her dreams. And, hovering in the background, the sinister—
But read for yourself the start of this gripping new serial in Liberty next Wednesday! Read it—and let it catch you in the fast-moving emotional thrills with which this story of love and wealth today is packed!

ETHELDA BLEIBTREY

IF CHRIST CAME TO NEW YORK
by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

Another of the inspiring articles by the famous author of "In His Steps," in which he pictures Jesus on an actual visit to the world's metropolis: His glimpse of lower Manhattan's gleaming towers; His progress up Broadway to City Hall; His visit to the bread lines of the Bowery, to the lofts of the garment workers; His views of the city from the pinnacle of the Empire State or Radio City.
A warm human article that leaves you with the feeling that man is kin to man, no matter what his race, creed, or color.

EATING MY CAKE

Anonymous—and it must be, for it is the frank and revealing story of a woman who found out that her husband had not been true. EVEN NOW, as you are reading this, this woman's husband may be philandering and she knows it! What she did—what she *is doing*—provides one of the most enthralling articles you've ever read. Don't miss it next Wednesday in Liberty!

WHY DROWN?

An Olympic champion, Ethelda Bleibtrey, gives a few sane hints on what to do in the water. And a few simple "don'ts."
A short article, but it may be of tremendous importance to you and yours this very summer, or in some future day prove in a moment of dire need as helpful as a sturdy life line in a heavy surf.
Other articles and stories by Peter Paul O'Mara, Beatrice Grimshaw, Fred Allhoff, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE JUNE 2

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?

JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP. . . .

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde

ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN!
YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out,* famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young!*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients . . . soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using safe, gentle Palmolive Soap—today?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

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